

THE BLACK ATHLETE Part 2

Sports Illustrated

JULY 8, 1968 40 CENTS

Ted Williams on The Science of Hitting





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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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Next week

THE ATHLETICS? In the first division? Not only that, but the American League's most surprising team to date has the talent to prove it belongs up there. Gary Rosenberg reports.

THE POWERFUL PACKERS of 1967 were the best of the Green Bay teams he's been with, writes Midge Linbeck. Ray Natchke, but he expects the 1968 model to be—better.

CATHERINE OF FRANCE returns to defend her Women's Open crown, while 111 other golfers, including the top pros in the country, try to prevent Miss Lacoste from repeating.

1

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SCORECARD

TURNING PRO

An extraordinary decision was made almost unnoticed last week. The leadership of the FIS, the international body that controls competitive skiing, approved a kind of open sking. With the permission of their national federations, future Alpine and Nordic racers can make the most of their victories—they can accept money for advertising skis, helmets, gloves, poles, parkas and the other tools of their trade. They can be paid for press and TV exclusives. However, the racers are still forbidden to accept appearance money for participating in an event or to ski for cash prizes.

"Our decision is evolutionary, not revolutionary," FIS President Marc Hodler said. "We have accepted the fact that ski racers are now full-time sportsmen who simply have no time left over for earning extra money. They must be reimbursed for their loss of income."

As the FIS conceives it, there will be two types of competitors—one the "authorized pro," and the other the true amateur who accepts no money at all. The FIS council's decision, which must be approved by a vote of the organization's member nations, could have a distressing effect on the Winter Olympics by downgrading the quality of Olympic performances, for any skier who accepts the payments now okayed will not be eligible to compete in the Games. It superficially appears that most countries will find themselves with second-rate Olympic teams. However, it may turn out that the very best European skiers they forgo the relatively small payments they might receive as authorized pros on the chance that they could win an Olympic gold medal and parlay it into a financial bonanza.

EATING IT UP

When the Little League season began in northern Colorado a month ago Doug Leigh, a restaurant owner in Fort Collins, offered a free dinner—hamburger, Pepsi and French fries—to any boy in

the 82-team league who hit a homer. Last season the teams averaged about 40 home runs for the season, which would have meant 3,280 free meals. But this year, savoring the taste of success, the Little Leaguers have gone on a home-run binge. One boy hit five in one game. And when the Wolves beat the Foxes 77-18 in a five-inning game in Fort Collins last week, 44 of the 96 hits were home runs.

Doug Leigh now has a big-league business. "When a boy comes to get his free dinner," Leigh explains, "he naturally brings his parents along, and they buy theirs."

POSTAGE STAMP OF APPROVAL

Later this month the 1968 All-America college golf team will be announced—selected, it will be said, by the nation's golf writers. Actually the team was picked two weeks ago by golf coaches representing the eight NCAA districts. The so-called All-America vote by the writers is a put-on.

The team the coaches picked is Hal Underwood, Houston; Steve Meloyk, Florida; Ben Korn, New Mexico State; Grier Jones, Oklahoma State; Jack Lewis, Wake Forest; Allen Miller, Georgia; Mike Morley, Arizona State; and Kemp Richardson, USC.

The ballots to the golf writers are in the mail now. Wonder how they'll vote?

HALFWAY HOUSE

Because the world orangutan population is dwindling at an alarming rate, the government of Malaysia has set up a unique rehabilitation center to train domesticated orangs to return to forest life. The monkeys are taken to a camp in Sabah State, the diseases they have acquired from associating with humans (i.e., malaria, hookworm) are cured and they are encouraged to roam in a nearby 12,000-acre forest reserve. So far, the center has had eight orangs disappear permanently into the forest—which is the desired result—but a number of oth-

ers still hang around the camp. They especially like bathing in a barrel, holding their noses while they dunk, and following the ranger and his staff, mimicking them. When the men cut wood a couple of oranges stand nearby, watch and then imitate the motions.

The ranger, of course, keeps hoping the rest of the monkeys will get lost. Every few weeks they are taken deep into the forest, given a day's supply of food and told to be good scouts and rough it. But most return after a week or so, and sooner if it starts to rain. Then the oranges run for their dry cages and curl up on sleeping sacks like campers.

One wonders who is making a monkey out of whom.

SETTING THE STYLE

Staying in trim at Mexico City shouldn't be a problem. The Chamber of Physical Beautification has been holding classes for barbers and hairdressers who will attend the athletes in the Olympic Village and dignitaries in an exclusive shop near Aztec Stadium. Two hundred "masculine esthetic stylists" will be available. A special Olympic style has been developed for both men and women. The men's is more or less routine—long in the back and a pompadour in the front. But the women's has a novel



twist. It consists of five intertwined rings of hair—like the Olympic symbol—tied with ribbons of Olympic colors.

NEW TRICKS

Some Texans with a computer and ample funds are out to break the hold of Italy's Blue Team on world-class bridge. Nine months ago Robert Wolff, a San

crusader

Selling Yearlings Keeneland Style



Summer Sale of Yearlings July 22-23

260 Thoroughbred yearlings will be sold in the famous Keeneland Summer Sale this year. On March 1st there were 650 youngsters entered in the auction.

Then started the weeks of tedious work to reduce the number of head . . . careful examination of each pedigree and then the horse for excellence of conformation.

It means a well balanced selection of the very finest yearlings available . . . a quantity fitting the two day sale.

And, again buyers from throughout the world know they can come to Keeneland with complete confidence . . . they know that here, without a doubt, is the grandest selection of Thoroughbred yearlings offered anywhere at public auction. This year, 260 head, 144 colts and 116 fillies.

It's the Keeneland style.

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SCORECARD *continued*

Antonia lawyer, Jim Jacoby son of bridge expert Oswald, and Ira Corn Jr., a financial consultant, decided to develop a young team by having them practice together 60 hours a week over a two-year period. "We determined that there would be a strong commercial advantage in acquiring status as the No. 1 bridge team in the world," Wolff explains. "Spectator bridge is a field which has really never been tapped before. The prize for international competition now is world acclaim. That's all."

So the group invited William Eisenberg, 30, Robert Goldmann, 29, and Michael Lawrence, 28, all skilled if inexperienced players, to Dallas to live and learn. The team, which calls itself the U.S. Aces, is now using a computer to analyze hands and to develop a bidding system. By next February they hope to have achieved a "winning syndrome." Wolff says the Aces have already come up with some revolutionary theories thanks to the computer analysis. They have won two matches against all-star teams in the past six weeks and have won the Mexican championships.

Meanwhile the Italian Blue Team has taken its eighth straight world title. That better be a smart computer.

IN PEAK CONDITION

A speech professor at North Carolina State who admits to being between 65 and 75 years old climbed Pikes Peak for the 355th time last week. Edwin Paiget made his first climb in 1919, and he hopes by his 50th anniversary next year to have scaled the 14,110-foot mountain 400 times. Once he climbed it four times in a single day and on numerous occasions he has climbed it twice in a day. "The older most men get, the less they do," Mr. Paiget says. "This is wrong. They should exercise. I have made 210 of my climbs in the last eight years, and my time is now 15 or 20 minutes better than it was in 1919. I'm trying to advance the thesis that a man reaches his peak at 75."

Well, one peak or another.

WELCOME CHANGE

Through the years a number of fine football teams have become bogged down on the University of Washington's muddy gridiron. Opponents have just had to grit their teeth and plow on. But now the Huskies are putting out a welcome mat—\$300,000 worth of AstroTurf. The

field will be ready for the September 21 game with Rice. Washington, however, is not the only major college installing artificial grass in an outdoor stadium. Tennessee, which does not have the Huskies' mud-bowl problem, has announced it is laying a \$200,000 Tartan Turf surface at Neyland Stadium in Knoxville. The new field will be ready for Tennessee's opener against Georgia, a fact that does not much please Georgia Coach Vince Dooley. The artificial fields are said to offer two significant advantages, reduction of maintenance costs and of player injuries. One other advantage has been suggested, if the home team falls behind, it can always pull the rug from under the visitors' cleats.

THE NONBAN BAN

There was considerable motorized soul-searching in Indianapolis last week, a "momentous meeting," as the United States Auto Club put it. It was all of that. When the board adjourned USAC officers announced that they had not banned the turbine car from racing, as widely predicted. Then they went on to explain what they had done—which was, in effect, to ban the turbine from racing.

The result was puzzling and left America's foremost racing controversy still unsettled. By way of brief history, turbocar has appeared twice at the Indy 500, lost both times. After the 1967 race, turbine-engine size was reduced to bring it into competitive line with piston engines. Fine. In this year's race three new four-wheel-drive turbines started, one crashed and two failed. But it was a wild, evenly matched run while it lasted, 250,000 spectators loved it.

Shortly after the race USAC's rules committee recommended banning all turbines. But the board last week rejected that, 13-5, and instead formed another committee to study engine equivalency, "hopeful that another reduction can be recommended." Further, USAC resolved that, in 1970, no more four-wheel-drive cars will be allowed—thus striking down one of the most imaginative racing advancements in years. It added the stipulation that 1970 turbines, if any still survive this siege, must be automotive types, not industrial as this year's engines were.

USAC insisted, wondrously, that four-wheel drive is "extremely expensive and presently is not being used in passenger cars and has little chance of being used

in the near future," which ought to shock millions, particularly those many Americans already driving at least four models of four-wheel-drive cars and Europeans, who find the principle both safe and sophisticated.

First impressions that turbocars could still race one more year under the present rules also are misleading. USAC's new committee has until July, then September, to set new equivalency rules, if it calls for further turbine reduction—as the board suggests—there will not be much time left for new engine development before next May '90.

"The question was one of whether we wish to continue to welcome innovation," said USAC President Tom Buford. Considering the racing potential of turbines, the obvious advantages of four-wheel drive and the exciting benefits of both to racing, USAC's latest action certainly answers his question.

CHEAP SKATE

The Pittsburgh Penguins in the NHL have lined up a superstar, Pete Spengler, for next season. Club President Jack McGregor believes coming to terms won't be a problem. Pete is a penguin whose job will be skating before games. "We're keeping him on ice at the zoo until the opener," McGregor says.

THEY SAID IT

- Woody Hayes, Ohio State football coach, on his third visit to Vietnam to entertain the troops: "I came out here for one reason. I like to meet you better than some of the people back on the Ohio State campus."
- Mayo Smith, Tiger manager, on the effect of the nine-month Detroit newspaper strike on his ball club: "When we have player meetings now we sit around and interview one another so when the writers come back we won't be out of practice."
- Joe Kuharich, Philadelphia Eagle coach, on his son signing with the Minnesota Vikings: "I wanted him to go where he'd get better coaching."
- Wally Miranda, third baseman for the White Sox in the 1950s and a fine example of the good-field, no-hit player, on today's batting averages: "There are a lot of Mirandas playing every day now—batting .170 to .180. And they've got guts enough to put on golf gloves when they go to bat. How's a guy gonna get blisters hitting .180?"

END

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Injured Gerry Lindgren scratched from the 5,000 and dropped out of the 10,000. Earl McCulloch trailing fallen hurdles, stumbled in seventh (to the surprise of Larry Liveris). Neither was eliminated.



THE NON-TRIAL TRIALS

The quadrennial U.S. Olympic trials, once the severest test in track and field, turned out to be a rather casual meet in which losers did not necessarily lose and not even winners definitely won **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

The Olympic trials held last weekend in the Los Angeles Coliseum were 1) very useful, 2) useful but not very necessary, 3) a nice way to collect a buck for the cause. Choose one. Or two. If anyone takes these questions too seriously, turn in your paper and we will give you something else to do until recess. For you others, try to go on, remembering that regardless of your selections you cannot derogate the evidence that some excellent young athletes, black and white, have come out of the incubators of American track and field this Olympic year and, black boycott or no, the U.S. is going to be well represented in Mexico City.

The trials did not by any means serve the expressed on-the-front-of-the-one-dollar-a-copy-program purpose, which is to say they were not the trials. The final final trials will be held within arm's length of the Nevada buccarat tables at South Lake Tahoe, Calif. September 9 through 17, after those who qualified have had a chance to live there at 7,377 feet and see what high altitude does to the blood, the legs, the lungs and the inferiority complex. The others, those who did not qualify, are too few to mention.

Certainly the trials were a nicely decorated exhibition. Painted replicas of muscular Grecian Olympians on giant sheets of canvas adorned the east end of the Coliseum. At the opening ceremony, sky divers trailing varicolored smoke dropped onto the infield like the first assault wave from Venus. Pigeons flew, bands played, choirs sang. Certainly, too, in drawing 50,000 customers for the two days the trials were good for the Olympic cashbox at a time when expenses are up, primarily because of the three-month training program at Tahoe. Contributions alone are never enough. Every little bit helps.

It is certainly not true, of course, that the trials did not eliminate anybody. It just so happens that circumstances make selection a lot more demanding this year. As in getting to the heart of an artichoke, one cannot be too careful what one strips away. Because of the altitude problem (who will acclimate quickly enough to be ready for Mexico City? who will not?), it is a wise decision to get as many good athletes into the training camp as possible.

At Los Angeles the first six in each event plus four plus more, if necessary, qualified for Lake Tahoe. Harry Edwards, the Black Boycott lead-

continued



er, says that this was so they could get down to where a few of the white cats could qualify and be available for fill-in service should the boycott succeed. Although the logic in that is good enough to make such precaution advisable, the fact remains that in 15 of the 24 events the great majority of those good enough to qualify is lily white, and the conclusion to bring such an expensively large number to camp was foregone when the altitude became a factor.

Then there was the matter of automatic bibles for the dozen or more Olympic potentials who were injured: Jim Ryan, Preston Davis, Willie Davenport, Richmond Flowers, Ralph Boston, Bill Mills, *et al.*—and another two dozen who were behind one way or another and still need a chance to prove themselves. They will get that chance in "development" meets in August. In 1964 the number of prominent lames-and-halts at this stage was very low. Only Bob Hayes and Uli Williams come immediately to mind.

The winners last weekend were, nevertheless, not happy with having to prove themselves all over again in September. They were assured nothing for winning except that they would be on the team "if they maintain a degree of excellence" through the next trials. They complained that this meet was therefore meaningless.

"What is the use of finishing first when sixth will get you to the same place?" mused Tracy Smith, who then convincingly won the 5,000 meters. "What if I finish fourth in September?" puzzled Wade Bell, the 800-meter winner. George Young, who won the steeplechase, said it would do his currently active ulcer no good to have to wait another three months for a decision, although it would appear at the moment that there is no one in the world who can beat him except maybe a Russian or a Kenyan or a Belgian wine salesman named Gaston Roelants.

But would a team be more meaningful without Ryan and Boston and those others? Or more meaningful without Earl McCullough, who, while leading, caught a spike on the eighth high hurdle, stumbled and almost fell, and finished seventh? Or distance-runner Gerry Lindgren, who scratched from the 5,000 meters the first day of the trials because of a strained Achilles' tendon? "I broke it," said Gerry. "Broke your Achilles' tendon?" someone asked. Was it a clean

break? "No," said Lindgren. "A dirty break." He tried again the next day in the 10,000 but had to drop out after five and a half miles.

Actually, the selection procedure should not have been a surprise to anybody, and it was not to some. "I've been pointing for September all along," said Discus-thrower Al Oerter, the three-time Olympic gold medal winner who has not yet reached 200 feet this year and has not beaten Jay Silvester in two years—and did not do it again last weekend. Nor can avarice (in the form of gate receipts) alone be called the motive, else Hilmer Lodge, chairman of the U.S. Olympic track-and-field committee, would not have insisted that the final finals be moved from the Coliseum to Lake Tahoe, where conditions will come closest to approximating Mexico City and where gate receipts will be peanuts.

For all their complaints the athletes performed well. In nine events—pole vault, high hurdles, 400-meter hurdles,

long jump, shotput, discus, 200 meters, 400 meters, 5,000 meters—they were equal to or better than those who won Olympic golds in Tokyo. And for all its meaninglessness the meet produced some highly entertaining moments. Pat Traynor of the Air Force, who claims to hate the steeplechase because he is a lanky floater of a runner who does not snap over the hurdles and hazards like a George Young, gave George a run for his medal. Ten yards off the pace into the last lap, Traynor closed to within five on the backside and came up on Young until he was only two yards behind in the stretch. But Young panned him right there, twice matching surge with counter-surge, to win by two steps.

Pole-vaulter Bob Seagren did not miss until the height got to what would have been a world record—17' 8". He said he could not shake the nerves. "Each jump felt like the first one. I'd get at the end of the runway, and I'd feel it. I never relaxed." One reason he did not



Oregon's powerful Wade Bell won the 800 but said "What if I'm fourth in September?"

relax was a UCLA sophomore named Jon Vaughn, who is almost as handsome as Seagren and is fast becoming almost as good. He is, therefore, a tonic for Seagren, who tends to get careless against ordinary competition. Vaughn did not miss, either, until 17' 8". Seagren almost made his first try at that height but was too shallow with his vault, scrapping the crossbar coming down. He said his third was his best—"I planted well, came off the pole well"—but he missed then, too, and so did Vaughn. The height was returned to 17' 4" for a jumpoff. Seagren cleared, Vaughn did not.

The 100 meters was so close the contestants wandered around for five minutes congratulating each other on being the winner. Mel Pender congratulated Charlie Greene ("Oh, did I win? Did I really win?") and then somebody congratulated Pender, and photographers moved from man to man. Then the photo finish was revealed, and the winner was Jimmy Hines. It has become expected of Hines and Greene to be at each other's chests at any time. "The duel," is still on," Greene, whose pre-race routine calls for him to stay up until 4:30 a.m. so he won't be in bed getting tense thinking over the situation, said he had "dynamic problems." Mentally fatigued, he said. Too much head wind (8.5 miles an hour), he said, which bothered him more because he is 27 pounds lighter than the other guy. "I wasn't spartin' and sweet like last week," he said. "But don't forget, I'm still the national champion."

Boycotter Edwards' forces did not have much to capitalize on until the second day, when Tommie Smith was assigned lane eight for the 200-meter finals. The lanes are decided by picking numbers from a hat. In conversation with a friend before the race, Smith agreed it was a good spot for him because he did not like tight turns anyway. The eighth lane has the most gradual turn, though vision (seeing the other runners) is not as good. Smith, running beautifully, won in a breeze, with Jimmy Hines second. When Smith came near the judges' stand Stan Wright, the Negro Olympic coach, called to him and said, "Tommie, that's the best race I've ever seen you run, the best I've ever seen you come out of a turn."

Then, suddenly, Tommie did not like lane eight anymore. In an ugly scene at the officials' table, Smith and his wife

and John Carlos lashed into the officials, principally Lodge and Coach Wright, who was head of the lanes committee. Carlos had complained the day before that he deserved to be in the 100 meters, though he had finished out of the running in the AAU championship trial heats. They were supported by others of Edwards' followers in the stands behind them, and in this group sat Edwards with Bill Russell, the basketball star. Russell was in Los Angeles to discuss movie roles. He said he was a boycott sympathizer but, unlike Edwards, when the national anthem was played Russell stood up.

Edwards' suddenly vocal followers flashed placards—WHY RUN IN MEXICO AND CRAWL AT HOME—and made bawling, insulting remarks to the men at the table, made them especially when cameras and microphones were at hand. Uniformed police stood by half-smiling and not knowing quite what to do. Mrs. Smith told Coach Wright that he should start being a black man first and an American second. The grievance was hardly worth all the fuss, but as another Negro coach put it, "It presented an opportunity. That's all, an opportunity."

There was mounting evidence that the boycott movement, if conceived in righteousness, is now passing into a virulent stage that—by grim paradox—bodes ill for those it is supposed to be serving. If the signs are accurate, compassion has given way to coercion. At the athletes' training quarters at Cal Poly in Pomona and in hotel lobbies in Los Angeles there were whispers of black lives being threatened by black hands. Wright walked around the Coliseum on both days in the shadow of two men who gave a good impression of being FBI bodyguards. They were protectors, said Wright. His life has been threatened in several letters. Wright has four children. He is not for the boycott. One prominent Olympian stayed in his room rather than go to dinner with two white men and two other athletes. Asked the reason for his change in plans, the athlete made the sign of a gun with his thumb and index finger. He said he had been threatened.

Athletic training quarters are generally carefree places, the tenseness of the competitors relieved by horseplay and friendly kidding around Ping-Pong tables. At Pomona, however, the atmosphere was

always heavy. There was the abiding and exotic and massive presence of Harry Edwards, stalking around in a camouflage-colored jacket over a brown T-shirt, pants that were tight and short, a black beret, beads and sunglasses. Edwards' meetings with knots of black athletes were carried on under the eucalyptus trees, out in plain view. The talk that came out of these meetings, however, was not so much that they would boycott but what they would do after they got to Mexico City—like sitting down during the national anthem, and sewing their own emblems on team uniforms and generally raising hell to "embarrass The Man."

For those who opposed the boycott or, though sympathetic, tended to different points of view, it was clearly not a pleasant time. Ralph Boston, the great Olympic broad jumper, was asked by a black newsmen if he had been "used" by whites seeking to discredit Edwards. Boston said he thought he had, that originally he had been afraid to meet Edwards because he had been led to believe Edwards had two heads. "I've met him, and he's only got one head, and it's a very good one," said Boston. Nevertheless, Boston is not a boycott advocate. He said he would, in fact, very much like to carry the U.S. flag on opening day in Mexico City. "I think it would be a wonderful way to end my career. It would mean a lot to me." He would go along with a boycott if a majority of principals so decided, but he very much resents being threatened or coerced into a point of view. "This is supposed to be a matter of human rights, isn't it? And as a human, I should have the right to do what I want and say what I think is right for me. That's what it's all about. Respect for a man and what he believes in whether he agrees with you or not."

Boston is not, by any means, the only independent in the black crowd. Mel Pender has said over and over that he is going to Mexico City regardless. Someone lingered the button Jimmy Hines was wearing on his sweat shirt (OLYMPIC PROJECT FOR HUMAN RIGHTS) and asked him if it reflected a decision to boycott. "It doesn't mean a thing," said Hines. "Somebody just stuck it on there before the race." He said he understood there would be no boycott. "I was hoping all along there wouldn't be."

So, there will 1) be a boycott, 2) not be a boycott. Choose two. **END**

BERMUDA-BOUND MINUS BRENDA



Because of a fierce storm whipping the Atlantic, this year's entries had to wait a full 24 hours before lining up for their start off Brenton Reef, but once the race got going it was the easiest Bermuda ever **by HUGH WHALL**

Under sunny but somnolent skies and abuzz with preparations for the biennial blue-water race to Bermuda, the harbor at Newport, R.I. seemed last week a long, long way from a fury that was whipping the Atlantic hundreds of miles to the southeast. The fury was Brenda, an unusually early hurricane spawned in the warmth of the Sargasso Sea and threatening with winds up to 75 mph the solo sailors headed westward across the ocean from England in the London Observer's second transatlantic race for single-handers. Brenda seemed likely to move into the path that the Bermuda racers would have to take to get to Hamilton, and despite the grumbles of a few of the skippers, who boldly declared they wanted to get going hurricane or no, she was serious enough to cause the first postponement in the ocean classic's 62-year history. "We will not race," said the Cruising Club of America's Commodore Clayton Ewing, "if the storm seems likely to threaten the fleet." Nor did they, for a full 24 hours.

Meanwhile, far out at sea, solo sailor Geoffrey Williams was holding his 57-footer *Sir Thomas Lipton* on a south-east course with only two thoughts in mind: to miss the storm if possible and to get to Newport first. Oddly enough, there wasn't a racing skipper in the Ida Lewis Yacht Club or the bar at Christies who didn't envy him, for storms are the least of a Bermuda race competitor's worries and getting there first is often only an illusion. The hazards that face a Bermuda skipper swirl and swing around a labyrinthine handicapping system in which waterlines, sail areas, overall lengths, drafts, overhangs and propeller apertures are balanced against each other to provide what is known as a rating. The lower the rating, the higher the handicap and the better a boat's chances of winning the race.

Year after year on the blue-water circuit dissatisfaction with this system mounts, and there is a growing groundswell for a simpler handicapping rule

based, say, on waterline length alone instead of reckoned in the dark of night by a system of mathematical black magic. But still the old complex system persists—and perhaps for good reason.

If the Bermuda race this year were a matter of simply getting there first, as the solo transatlantic was, there would have been no race at all. Even after a bad start, veteran ocean racer Summer A. (Huey) Long's big (73 feet), fabulously expensive (\$500,000) dreadnought of a ketch *Online*, the most powerful ocean racer seen in years, simply took off, passed what little opposition there was in her way, sailed along on fair winds all the way to Hamilton, dropped anchor and waited around for the rest of the fleet.

Online did face one moment of crisis on the way down. Her brand-new air-conditioning system conked out midway during the race, and for a full hour her racing crew had to suffer the full agony of the summery 80° heat. Aside from overcoming this hardship, Owner Long's

continued

Pushed swiftly along the Gulf Stream current by brisk winds, novice Bermuda man Ted Hood's yawl "Robin" was an easy first on corrected time.





only satisfaction lay in crossing the line first. Built solely to move fast and the hell with handicaps, his huge and swift racer did not win any corrected-time prizes. Under the present rating system, which is designed to favor the smaller craft, great big boats like *Odin* have almost no chance at all. Even the smaller boats however, are forced to play the odds in one way or another.

One way is to build a boat so swift that no other craft of her class can sail with her. One such this year was *Rage*, a magnificent 53-foot sloop designed, built and sailed by Charlie Morgan of St. Petersburg, Fla. For Homer Denius. Constructed more like a miniature 12-meter than an ocean racer, *Rage* piles so much sail on her tall spar and carries it so well that even with a higher rating she has handily beaten most other boats of her size. She did it again last week when she took Class B honors and second overall.

Another way to beat the odds is by finding loopholes in the rating rule itself and exploiting them to the limit. At least three entries in this year's Bermuda were frankly out to grab a prize by this method. One was an ugly little monster named *Babe*, who might have been a Cal 40 with a Cal 40's rating if her owner, Arnold Gay of Annapolis, Md., had let her be. But, said Gay, "I always wanted to build an all-out boat for the Bermuda race," and so he went to work.

To begin with, Gay sliced off three feet from *Babe's* stern and replaced it with a jutting spar called a boomkin. Under the rule this made his boat three feet shorter but she could still carry even more sail than before. Next, to make his boat heel less in a breeze, Gay replaced the Cal 40's normally heavy deck with one 900 pounds lighter. He then took the 900 pounds, turned it into lead ballast and put that in his keel, thus providing not only added stiffness but the longer waterline that makes any boat go faster.

Another might-have-been Cal 40 cleverly redesigned as a Cal 37 from her very conception was Justin Wasley's *Windquest*. Still another was T. Vincent Learson's *Thunderbird*, which won the

race as a genuine Cal 40 two years ago. Not satisfied with that triumph, Learson this year chopped off some of *Thunderbird's* stern and added a boomkin like *Babe's*. His modifications were not drastic enough to change her class, only her rating.

It is unlikely that any of this sawing and adjustment added half a knot of speed to any of the three boats. What it did in each case was to lower the rating and hence make each boat's speed more valuable in the final tally. For *Windquest* and *Thunderbird*, though not for *Babe*, the jiggering paid off with a first place in each of their classes. As for *Babe*, she finished fifth in hers. Owner Gay had the good sense to hang on to his sawed-off stern, "so when they change the rule to close that particular loophole, I'll be able to stick it back on." They are going to close it. The CCA measurement committee has already assured Gay and the others of that.

In the end, however, no matter what loopholes are shut off or others opened up, the race in 1970 may be won, as it was this year, by a simple combination of good luck, good design and good all-round seamanship. Actually, it should not have surprised anyone in either Newport or Hamilton when Ted Hood of Marblehead, Mass. sailed his beautiful blue yawl *Robin* to overall victory. The surprise lay in learning that Hood, one of America's best-known racing yachtsmen, had never sailed the Bermuda before. It was like telling a horseplayer that Eddie Arcaro had never ridden in the Derby.

Besides being a sailmaker without peer anywhere in the world, Hood designs and builds championship boats and has raced them in virtually every kind of top-flight competition, including the America's Cup itself.

Sailing with Hood aboard *Robin* was as impressive a crew of experts as you could hope to find anywhere at sea, including, as navigator, Bob Beaver, the skipper of the 1964 America's Cup defender *Covadellon*. Under Hood's urging, they drove his boat out of Newport and into the Gulf Stream through a keyhole five miles west of the most direct route to Bermuda, got the right help

from the thrusting current and slid serenely to the finish line off St. David's Light in 3 days 20 hours 14 minutes 3 seconds which, under *Robin's* rating, corrected to 3 06 04 19.

It added up to one of the easiest runs in Bermuda race history. As the race began, the once-menacing Brenda disappeared off to the northeast leaving behind southwest breezes that never got above 40 mph for most of the fleet.

Only once did *Robin's* crew have to set a spinnaker, and then only for a brief spell. The rest of the time they spent trimming sails or changing an occasional headsail to compensate for changes in the winds. Somewhere to the east a series of squalls ripped the masts from two boats, *Supbebe* and *Huntress*, and damaged another, *Vamp XA*, an early favorite, which limped home with rudder problems, but for *Robin* the trip was no more strenuous than the voyage of a candy boat across a frosted cake.

A little more than a year old, designed by Hood and built of steel, the 52-foot *Robin* is no Spartan racing machine. En route to Bermuda, her crew was almost luxuriously berthed in four big separate cabins. With a raked transom, shortened cabin trunk and powerful bow, she seems to epitomize what every good ocean racer should look like, but underwater she is unique.

Down where it counts, instead of the heavy permanent keel people normally associate with an offshore racer, *Robin* has something that looks more like a dagger board on a Sunfish: a narrow knife-like centerboard so deep that when raised it slices right up through the main cabin. This gives *Robin* great power for climbing to windward. Yet, sliding before the wind with her centerboard raised, she becomes a whopping big, round-bottomed dinghy.

As *Robin* lay at the winner's berth off the yacht club's dock last week she drew visitors by the score, all of whom inevitably asked Hood: "Hey, Ted, how do you account for winning your first Bermuda race?"

"Agh, um," replied Hood, who sails better than he talks. "I guess we just didn't do too many things wrong." It was as good an explanation as any. **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHWENKOFF

Pool for fool, the two fastest boats in the 1960s were Huey Long's new 73-foot ketch "Odin" (top) and Homer Denius' 53-foot sloop "Rage."

Part 2: The Black Athlete

Pride and Prejudice

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB DECARARA



Recruited into a society for which he has no cultural or educational preparation and isolated by its unwritten codes, the typical Negro athlete discovers an immense gap between himself and the college community

By Jack Olson



CONTINUED

The Black Athlete

Since the Renaissance, institutions of higher learning have been the scenes of social experiment, and thus if there is any place that a Negro could expect to find a more tolerant view and a movement toward accepting him into the fabric of society, it presumably would be on America's campuses. Why, then, is the black athlete held in rigid social check at so many U.S. colleges? At first glance the answer appears cruel and generalized—just like some of the old ideas about Negroes. Namely, coaches—and athletic directors, who are usually former coaches—are responsible. Indeed, these men are primarily to blame, though some responsibility lies in other areas, too.

It is in the hands of the coach that the Negro athlete places his entire career. Other students are accountable to and watched over by the dean, the class advisor, the dorm counselor and parents, but for the black athlete all of these power figures are relegated into secondary roles. It is the coach who tells the black athlete when to get up in the morning and when to get to bed at night, what to eat, whom to live with and how to conduct himself on campus. Nor does

the control end there. Many coaches advise the black athlete on what courses to take ("After all," the coach can argue, "I got you in here in the first place, and it's my scholarship that is paying for your education"). And most coaches advise him on his social life. The guidelines invariably are strict ones.

Who is this Big Daddy who strolls about the campus in spiked shoes and sweat socks, while mere Ph.D.s stand aside and point him out as a celebrity? Is he a sociologist? Seldom. Is he trained in psychology? Rarely. Where does he rank in the academic life of the campus? Sadly, he ranks in the *derrière* grade. He may not be "an intellectual dinosaur," as a University of California administrator once charged of coaches in general, but he is not likely to be a Socrates or a Gladstone, either. His basic intelligence may be high or low, but so much of his cerebral energy must be applied to such matters as conditioning and play patterns and scouting and recruiting that he has precious little left for the human problems of his athletes. His is a more fundamental assignment, anyway. It is also considered nice if he

can carry out this assignment without rocking the boat. The coach who rocks the boat passes quickly back to the junior college level, where he keeps watch over the cross-country team.

Coaches are men who move about busily, ruling their small kingdom, talking about the *mens sana in corpore sano* and, for the most part, doing their sincere best. But these are also the men who are guiding the college careers of black athletes who are often deprived, frightened, maladjusted and totally unprepared individuals who have come out of intellectual vacuums to make their muddled ways across the country's campuses. Coaches don't always make the finest guidance counselors.

The first message that is passed on by the coach to the uneasy young Negro is often: Stay away from white women. The message gets across in many different fashions. The direct approach is on the way out, though at certain schools if a black athlete is being seen on campus with a white girl he will be called in and advised to stop it. If the athlete persists he may find himself out on his ear.

Sometimes the message is passed along by an *unwitting* *grin* doing the coach's work. When Dave Mills attended Seattle University, a Jesuit school, he had no dating problem, he was already married. "But I knew that when a Negro ball player tried to associate with white girls he was called in. They did everything they could to prevent Negro players from going out with white girls. Once one of the Fathers came to me and asked me to speak to a Negro player who was dating a white girl. I told him I wouldn't."

Not even Elgin Baylor was exempt from the pressure. During his legendary college basketball career Baylor elected to take a white girl to a campus ball. A coaching assistant advised him to cease and desist. "There were a few rumbles," says a school official who was there at the time, "but Elgin finally caved in."

At UCLA, generally regarded as a pleasant refuge for Negro athletes, Walt Hazzard used to feel thousands of unseen eyes when he walked about the campus with white girls. "Coach [John] Wooden never said anything to me about it," Hazzard says, "but there was always that feeling of apprehension, even



Harold Gribble (right), anchor man on UCLA's world-record relay team, remembers when the queen of a big meet stopped kissing the winners

when you were just going from one class to another. I remember one time I was dating this white girl and we were walking on campus and we ran into an assistant football coach. He called me aside and said, 'We don't do this here.' I told him that my personal life was my own, that I was on a basketball scholarship and that he had no control over my scholarship."

Harold Busby, the sprinter and football player who anchored the Bruins' 440-relay team to a world record as a sophomore last year, feels the same pressure at UCLA that Hazzard felt four years ago. "Sometimes if you're walking with a white girl the coaches will look at you kind of funny," Busby says. "Nothing is said about it, but you can get the message."

Mickey Cureton, a star high school football player who was sought by some 70 colleges before enrolling at UCLA, remembers a recruiting visit to the University of Oregon. "Some of the fellows took me to a party where there were white girls, but they told me the party had to be kept secret. The athletic department did not approve of Negro boys and white girls mixing socially. There weren't any Negro girls for a hundred miles!"

Harry Edwards, the militant black assistant professor from San Jose State, put the University of Washington on his "white list" (along with the University of California and the University of Texas at El Paso) for a number of offenses including overeducation by coaches. Junior Coffey, who now stars in the backfield of the Atlanta Falcons, remembers his senior year in 1964 when he was playing first-string fullback for Washington and began dating a white girl. "That was in the middle of the season, and on the Thursday before the Oregon game I found out I wasn't starting. I went to one of the assistant coaches and asked why. He said, 'I think I ought to give you some advice. You're dating this white girl, and I'd advise you not to do it. I think it could be detrimental to your future, and it could be a reflection on the other Negro players.' " Coffey says the coach hinted that the university might stop recruiting black athletes altogether if he persisted. He remembers telling the coach, in effect,



Harry Edwards, leader of Olympic boycott, says sports become whole life of black athlete because he is excluded from everything else.

"I don't see what my private life has to do with my playing."

Coffey, who was the country's third leading rusher at the time, did not start another game for the Washington Huskies. A sophomore fullback, Jeff Jordan, was moved into the position, and, according to Coffey, told him later, "Look, I know you should be starting, but don't get fed off at me." Says Coffey: "When the guy who's starting ahead of you tells you that you should be playing, that's enough to make a man mad."

Luther Carr, another football alumnus of the University of Washington, says, "The word was never given bluntly, usually it took the form of a friendly, oblique talk with one of the assistant coaches. I remember one time one of the coaches came to me and said, '[Head Coach] Jim Owens loves you boys. We know you got a lot of publicity, but don't let it go to your head.' Well, when he said 'Jim Owens loves you boys,' I just shut him off. That did it. I knew what he was talking about."

"When I went to class," says Husky alumnus Joe Jones, "sometimes I'd walk a white girl across the campus or have coffee with her. I never felt comfortable. I always had the fear that the coaches

would hear about it. One day an assistant came to me and told me I was needed on the team and they wanted me to be happy, and they hoped I wouldn't do anything to upset the program. When that came I knew what he was talking about—dating white girls."

Washington's Negroes tell a story that on a Saturday night in 1964 Husky sophomore fullback Claude Robert walked into a Seattle nightspot with a white date and bumped into a prominent member of the university's sporting establishment. The following Monday, says Junior Coffey, Robert found a note on his locker, which said, as he recalls it, "You are no longer a member of this squad. Turn in your equipment."

"I was sore about this," Coffey says, "and I tried to get Robert to go see Jim Owens, but he wouldn't do it. 'Why should I?' he said. 'It wouldn't do any good.'"

Nor was the pressure against interracial dating confined to the football team at Washington. Bob Flowers, former U of W basketball star, says, "One time I was talking to a white girl near the bus in Moscow, Idaho—we were getting ready to leave for Pullman to catch a plane home. It was the last game of

continued

The Black Athlete



Junior Coffey was Washington's first-string fullback, but he says after he dated a white girl he never started another game for the Huskies.

the season. A coach came up and said, 'Get on the bus!' There was plenty of time, several of the players were still in the locker room. I got on the bus, put my bag on, then came back and talked to the girl some more. We were talking about a mutual friend in Seattle. Hell, I wasn't even trying to date her—we were leaving in a few minutes. The coach got out of the car he was sitting in and came over and really chewed me out. Later, when we got to Pullman, another coach said, 'We don't mind you talking to a girl, but not such an ugly girl.' Now what kind of thing was that for a man to say?"

One does not have to be a hot advocate of miscegenation to recognize that such coaching attitudes force most black college athletes into a life of loneliness on the typical American campus. Says Harry Edwards: "For four years black athletes live on the playing field. At a place like Utah, where they have hardly

any black women, the black athletes live from season to season. After the basketball season is over they go back to the dormitory. You see them walking around campus in their sneakers, carrying a basketball, because this is their whole life. They live for the vacations, to get back to L.A. or Chicago or Philly. When they're not thinking about vacations they're thinking about sports. This is the only part of campus life in which they take part, and they are only allowed in this as long as their legs hold up and they don't fall into bad shakes with the coaches as a result of hitting on some gray chick."

Maurice Stokes, the former pro basketball player who has been paralyzed and in a wheelchair for 10 years, has learned how to communicate through a speech therapist who can understand his painful utterances, and what does he talk about? "When I got to Saint Francis College I didn't think I would last till I grad-

uated," he said recently. "Life without Negro women didn't seem to be a life at all. I had to stay at Saint Francis for seven weeks after freshman initiation without going home on the weekends. As far as I'm concerned it was almost a living hell. They had dances at the college, but I knew I would be like a thorn in a rosebush. And I knew I had too much to lose by going out with a white girl."

"Nobody mentioned it, but the message got across that they didn't want you messing around with white girls," Percy Harris says of his days at Southwestern State College in Weatherford, Okla. "This was understood." To solve the problem Harris and other Negro athletes tried to date Indian girls, "but the only Indian girls worth dating went out with white boys. They didn't fool around with the Negro boys. They always thought they were better than we were." In his junior year Harris enrolled in a physical education class that included social dancing. "The first time I showed up for the class I was told I didn't have to come back and that I would get a passing grade."

Student-to-student relationships are usually easier than student-coach relationships on the campus Negro, especially if he does not antagonize the establishment by doing what Harry Edwards calls "hating on some gray chick." The average undergraduate does take a more liberal approach to interracial relationships than the average coach—but there are exceptions, and small incidents occur that amount to shocking brutality when viewed in terms of the human spirit. Sprinter Harold Busby remembers a national track meet two years ago when the first three finishers in each event were to be kissed and trophied at a victory stand. "This was fine as long as it was the mile or the pole vault. But when Charlie Greene won the 100, Jim Hines finished second and I was third, the girl wouldn't even shake our hands." The girl's taste in color shadings was her own business, according to Busby and his fellow blacks, but who had selected her for a role she so obviously abhorred? It was typical of the white sports establishment that the Negro's sensibilities in the matter were not considered beforehand. It often seems that to the average sports administrator the Negro is a

superbly performing animal, he has no sensibilities.

Racial attitudes among coeds vary, and the black athlete learns to accept the fact that certain campus beauties will dislike him automatically. The knowledge, nevertheless, can be painful to a young man in college. Darwin Campbell, a varsity basketball player at Seattle Pacific College, says, "I was going to class one morning about 9:30, and there was this white girl walking up the steps ahead of me. She had a big load of books up to her chin, and one of them slid off. I bent over and picked it up and she turned, looked at me and hurried off. It wasn't a look of horror or of fear, just shock. I guess, at seeing a black man. And there I was, holding that book and her hurrying off. I just took it to a classroom and left it."

As far as white male students are concerned the problem is merely a reflection of the old sexual attitudes that permeate society off and on the campus. Harry Gunner, defensive end from Oregon State, explains, "The white kid thinks the Negro is better with women and girls. I mean in bed. When he sees a Negro athlete talking to a girl on campus it pops into the white student's head that they have to be going to bed. It's the way he's indoctrinated. He thinks about the bad things. He's using us Negroes to work off his own frustrations. What's really bothering him is he doesn't have that girl to talk to."

"If a Negro guy is talking to a white girl," says Don Chaney of the University of Houston, "a teammate will come up and try to break his rap or make some wisecrack to discourage the girl from talking to him. We had quite a bit of that on our basketball team and then the coach'd have to talk to us and bring us back together again as a team. The white athlete always automatically thinks we're doing something bad with the girls. A Negro can't be just talking. And then they'll cut the white girl socially. She becomes dirt, because she talks to us."

There are all sorts of variations. Don Shanklin, a running back from the University of Kansas, says, "Our football team has good squad relationships, with no apparent prejudice on either side. But if you run into one of the white players downtown with his date, he doesn't know you. It's different then. In the hild house,

it's 'Hello, Shank, how you doing Shank?' while downtown with a date he turns his head."

"But when we go out with a Negro date," says a black athlete at Houston, "you should hear what the white athletes will say about her. They take it for granted that any Negro girl is an easy mark. They'll say, 'How was that stuff last night?' That must be pretty good stuff, huh?" Imagining what would happen if we said that about their white dates? And yet they can't see what they're doing wrong."

Willis Crenshaw, now in his fourth year as a running back for the St. Louis Cardinals, ruminates about an incident that happened at Kansas State University when he was an undergraduate. A

Negro was dating a white girl, and she lived with her folks right across the street from the dormitory. One of our white football players burned a cross on this girl's lawn. So since I was one of the Negro leaders in the dorm I got the job of finding out who did it. It turned out that the guy who burned the cross was one of my best white friends. When the other white guys on the team found out who he was they wanted to stomp him, but I said, 'Wait a minute, fellows, let's find out what's going on here.' I went to the cross-burner and I said, 'Why did you do a thing like this?'

"He said, 'Well, we saw this colored cat coming over to the girl's house right after night, and we didn't know the guy. If it had been you it would have been dif-

continued



University of Washington coach Jim Owens perpetuates "The Husky Way," but Negroes contend there is no such thing as a black Husky.

The Black Athlete *continued*

ferent." Can you understand his attitude? I still can't. What kind of cobwebs can a guy have in his brain to burn a cross because a *strange* Negro dates a white girl? People have all kinds of theories on why white men don't like Negroes to date their women. I don't know, man, I just don't know."

"What are you going to do?" says Jim Padgett, basketball coach at the University of California. "Take a light meter on a date? It's ridiculous!" Very few of his fellow coaches seem to agree, and the American sports establishment continues to hold its place as one of the bastions of deep, unsettling, sex-oriented prejudice.

But that is far from the only prejudice the Negro faces on campus. "There's all this crap about black and white," says a tough-talking and highly successful white coach. "I've told every one of my colored boys, 'You might have a black skin, but I don't consider you any different from me. When you get cut you bleed. You've got as many ribs, as many goddam teeth as me, you live and you sleep just like I do; and there ain't no damn difference, and anytime you feel differently about it, you come and talk to me and I'll call you a goddam lar to your face!'"

One of this coach's black athletes got into financial trouble off campus, and the coach fired off a letter "If you expect to be treated like a man and, even more important, like a human being, then you had better wake up and assume the responsibilities of a man. . . . If you ever expect to enroll here on scholarship, represent this institution in intercollegiate competition or enroll here as an ordinary student, or, for that matter, enroll anywhere, then you had better have your debts cleared by registration time. . . . I am giving you a scholarship and that is more than plenty, and you still have to prove your worth. . . . Your recent outburst was an animal response and not becoming of a grown man. . . . Wake up and see the light and become a real man."

The same coach talks about Rap Brown: "Goddam ignorant — animal!" Quickly he adds, "Not because he's black, but just because he's a goddam animal!"

"Animal," it develops, is this coach's favorite word for Negroes. He is known



"So the coach would kick him," says Willie McDaniel, "and then laugh. And all the white cats would laugh. It got to be a big team joke."

for his rages, and he can become angered at a white athlete. The difference is that the white athlete will be called a "jerk," a "dope," an "idiot." The Negro athlete will be called an "animal."

"Those are the little things we notice," says a black athlete who randles under this coach's direction. "Are they unimportant? I don't know, but we feel them just as deeply as if he walked up to us and called us niggers."

The coaching world is full of well-meaning figures who fail to come to grips with the needs and sensibilities of the black athletes performing for them on the field. Some of the best coaches, some of the most intelligent, some of the most patient and understanding, seem to draw a blank where Negroes are concerned. One of the most widely respected professional football coaches used to be head coach at a Midwestern college, and routinely segregated his Negro players from his white, sometimes taking great pains to order separate taxicabs, buses and dining facilities when the team was on the road. "We don't blame him for that," says one of his black alumni. "It was the tenor of the time—this was 10 years

ago. What did disturb me, however, was when I bumped into that same coach not long ago, and I got to talking to him about one time in Texas when we Negroes were housed way on the outskirts of town and had to take a long cab ride to get back and forth for squad meetings. And we also got to talking about how when we went on the road the white players were roomed together by position, so they could discuss their assignments and plays, but the Negro players were roomed with other Negroes regardless of position. Well, he didn't even remember the time in Texas. That tells you something. Here was something that cut deep into my memory but the coach didn't remember it at all. And he acted like he was amazed that we were hurt by being roomed together. He simply had no feeling for the problems of the Negroes. It amazed him to find we had feelings. And this is one of the nicest guys in football!"

No coach is more respected by his black players than John McKay of USC and few are as concerned about the problems of Negroes, and yet there was a time when McKay seemed to manifest

this same blind spot. Mike Garrett, now of the Kansas City Chiefs, recalls "When practice sessions began before school opened the team was housed in a dormitory. We noticed that most Negroes were put in rooms with other Negroes. The same thing happened when we made the varsity and went on the road. Finally some of us went to McKay and asked him how come? He was stricken! He told us he honestly had thought that was the way we wanted it. By the time I was a junior McKay had changed things. Negro and white players were rooming together on trips."

Coach McKay now runs far ahead of the pack. Most members of the athletic establishment will argue tenaciously that the Negro wants to be segregated just as much as the white man. "I remember several road trips where we'd be eating in a restaurant," says a former coach, "and I'd notice all the blacks together and all the whites together. Several times I went to the blacks and said, 'What is this, a board meeting?' One Negro asked me, 'Why don't they come to us?' and I didn't answer, but I couldn't help thinking to myself that the whites didn't have the problem."

But the other side of that argument is more interesting—and less familiar. "We get sick of going over to sit with the whites," says a former Negro athlete, now a social worker. "It doesn't do a bit of good. We go over and sit with them and right away the whole atmosphere changes. Invariably there'll be one who thinks that the way to be friendly with us is to tell the latest 'nigger' joke. So we'll all sit down and start digging into our breakfast, and this white guy'll pipe up, 'Did you hear the slogan for Brotherhood Week? Invite a nigger to dinner?' The whites all laugh, to show how relaxed they are, and we choke on our Wheaties. Or you'll get another kind of white who'll right away have to begin a deep think session on the problems of race. That's fine, but at the training table? Do you see my point? They are absolutely incapable of taking us as human beings. They can't talk normally to us. So why should we sit with them?"

Says Harry Gunner: "Some of the white guys don't want to associate with you because they seem to be scared to talk to you. They sort of get tense. They can't approach you like a normal guy.

They can't say to themselves, 'This is another man like me.' They say to themselves, 'Jimmy, how are we supposed to treat him?' Well, you're not supposed to treat him any different than you'd treat anybody else."

Dick Harp, retired basketball coach at the University of Kansas, says that the concept of sports as an integrating force is a myth in the first place, a legend nurtured by those who should know better. "Of all my Negro players," Harp says, "only one, Maurice King, ever became completely integrated. When we went to Kansas City to play in the Big Eight Christmas tournament, King would hang around with the white players all the time. There must have been something exceptional about him, because he got along so well with the others. The rest of our Negro players spent their time off court with other Negroes. I tried everything I could think of to bring our white and Negro players closer. I remember how discouraged I used to feel when my wife and I would have all the players over for dinner. Invariably, when it came time for the boys to go home all the white players would go off together in one direction and the Negroes in another."

"Sure, we broke down some of the physical segregation. We mixed white players and Negro players in rooms on the road. We did all the formal things, but the times called for more than that. What I wanted to do was reach the minds and hearts of my white players so that they would become determined not to permit the Negro to be anything less than a complete human being. What I had hoped was to use basketball to turn out a bunch of white college graduates who would walk that extra mile for some Negro because of the experiences they had as members of an integrated basketball team. I don't think I produced even one such white man."

Few college coaches are willing to examine themselves and their records with the brutal honesty of a Dick Harp. Most of them go about in a dream world of race, imagining that they are assisting in the slow evolutionary processes of integration (to be achieved in some century of the future, perhaps the 25th), telling the Kiwanis Club and the Rotary how much sports is doing for the Negro and failing to come to grips with

the situation. Ironically, they are often men of good will, good men, like the coach who calls Negroes "animals" at the drop of a shoeless. And most of them have not the slightest idea what they are doing—or not doing.

How else can one explain that the informal tone of the Kansas football team's banquet last season—a team with 12 Negroes on it—turned out to be Dixie? "That's right," says Don Shanklin, "Way down yonder in the land of cotton." A lot of our coaches are from the South, so they gave us all that Southern stuff and waved the Confederate flag. They sang that Southern hillbilly crap for about an hour, and there were about 20 Negro athletes there with their dates. We Negroes didn't enjoy that George Wallace stuff at all. We don't think of Dixie as some kind of emotional place that brings tears to our eyes. We know the true history of Dixie. But nobody thought of that. They had a hell of a time. Us Negroes just sat there and watched."

Shanklin is a short, sturdy, heavily muscled runner who is reminiscent in many ways of the hero of Walker Percy's *The Last Gentleman*. He has been miserable and lonely in college, and one recalls a passage in Percy's book: "It was, he knew, the very time of life one is supposed to treasure most, a time of questing and rostering, the prime and pride of youth. But what a sad business it was for him, this business of being a youth at college, one of many generations inhabiting the same old buildings, joshing with the same janitors who had joshed with the class of '37. He envied the janitors."

With few exceptions, Don Shanklin and his fellow black athletes on the American campus envy the janitors. For them college is a time of social isolation from all but a handful of other selected black athletes. "You're reminded all the time that you're something else," Shanklin says. "If you go into the Jayhawk—that's a beer joint near the campus—you can get served, but you get the feeling you're not wanted. Most of us go to the Gaslight. They make us feel a little more welcome there. Us and the hippies. High society goes to the other places. You know what I mean by high society: white. One night a couple of white players took me into the

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Jayhawk and we drank some beers and jived around for a few hours, and then way down the other end of the place we heard one white boy call another white boy a nigger. See, they were having an argument and he figured that's the worst thing he could call this white boy. One of my friends wanted to go down there and fight, but I said, 'No, let's just get out of here.'

After a while the Negro athlete finds himself pining for a single honest relationship with a white person, any white person. "Off the field you're strangers," says Warren McVea, University of Houston flanker who has been drafted by the Cincinnati Bengals. "In my whole college career I had one real good white friend. One time the head of the campus traffic department invited me to the birthday of his 2-year-old daughter. He didn't want me to come in my uniform or in my jersey or anything like that, but just as an ordinary person that came over and sat at his table. I was really touched by that."

If an invitation to a 2-year-old girl's birthday party was one of the high points of Warren McVea's campus social life, an invitation to join an all-Jewish fraternity was one of the significant events in Mike Garrett's. "All the social life at USC was centered on Fraternity Row," the Heisman Trophy winner remembers, "and this was out of bounds to Negroes. But when I became prominent because of football a previously all-Jewish fraternity asked me to join. They wanted me to break the color line. So I joined, but I didn't stick more than a few months. I just felt out of place on Fraternity Row."

Garrett illustrates a point: the Negro is almost completely rejected from campus social life unless he becomes prominent; various taboos and restrictions are lifted in proportion to the athlete's achievements, and if he becomes a super-Negro on the playing field, he may even be allowed to join another minority group's fraternity. This is campus liberalism run rampant. Now and then a Negro comes along who is so outstanding on and off the field that he makes all sorts of breakthroughs, he is a *rara avis* who can be a major force for racial enlightenment on the campus. And he is the one that the sports community likes to cite as symbolic of all it does for Ne-

groes. The vast majority it much prefers to forget.

Almost any college coach will tell you that the second the opening whistle blows and the game starts all prejudice goes out the window. The white athlete who has been telling "nigger" jokes all week smashes a black halfback to the ground and then graciously helps him to his feet. Prejudiced attitudes are discarded and lineups are fashioned from the best men for the job, regardless of color. The black forward who has been hanging around the white girls' dorms all week starts the game anyway, because this is America and we play to win, and no matter what differences we may have off the playing field we pull together without regard to race when it comes to the day of the game.

The notion is pleasant but untrue. There is every bit as much racial prejudice after the opening whistle blows as before. It is not always as apparent, because everything a coach does during a game is reckoned as a personal choice aimed at bringing home the victory, and it can always be justified as such. "Sure, I took Johnson out in the second half

and put in the white kid. I didn't think Johnson was doing the job out there today. Yeah, I know he made eight tackles in the first half, but he had a lot of help on them and I'm the coach and I make the decisions and I'm the one who gets hell if we lose, and it didn't seem to me that Johnson was cutting it. Race? Are you kidding? I'd start a purple-striped baboon if I thought he could help us!" The logic is so pure that the situation is seldom scrutinized.

Can the mythical Johnson go to the NAACP and lodge a complaint of prejudice? He can, but he is likely to be laughed out of the office. Americans of all colors find it hard to believe that a coach would risk losing a game just to work off some of his racial feelings. Coaches find it hard to believe. But they do it all the time, and on professional teams as well as college ones.

Negro athletes are almost unanimous on one point. They have to be better than their white teammates. "A white kid can make five or six mistakes and stay in," says Don Chaney of the University of Houston basketball team. "We make one and we're on the bench."



"They can't approach you like a normal guy," says GSU's Harry Gunter. "They can't say to themselves, 'This is another man like me.'"

And if a black player and a white player have equal ability, the white player will start every time. The Negro athlete has to be what Muhammad Ali once called himself: "Superspade." Not only does he have to be able to outdo his immediate rival for the post, he also has to be impervious to injury, insult and injustice. When he is pulled from the game because a red-neck cheering section is chanting, "Get the nigger! Get the nigger!" he has to run to the bench with enthusiasm and act all charged up to get back in and perform for the old alma mater.

The essential white attitude about the Negro on the playing field is not simply the standard American attitude that the Negro is inferior, stupid and immoral, one step up from an orangutan. The essential attitude is that these are white men's games, as indeed they are. All the Negroes playing football for American colleges back when Paul Robeson was starring for Rutgers would not have filled the "colored only" waiting room of the railroad station in Waycross, Ga. Until a decade or two ago Negroes who wanted to play pro basketball had to learn to clown before they had a chance to try out for a single team: the Harlem Globetrotters. And even today, 21 years after Jackie Robinson integrated "the national game," Negroes on college baseball teams are distinguished by their almost total absence. At Michigan State, for example, Negro football players have won the school national fame, but in the past 15 years there have been only three Negroes on the varsity baseball team.

These are white men's pursuits. The Negro may integrate them, or even almost take them over, as in college and pro basketball, but the essential character of the game, the ethics and folkways, remain white. The Negro may be permitted to help out, but his role is clearly defined: he is a hired performer, and he has a job only so long as he knows his place in the white game and stays in it. Says Warren McVea: "Whatever happens to you out on that field, you know the white players are thinking two things about you: that you're some kind of superhuman because you're black, and that you're dumb."

Last season McVea was involved in a blown play that resulted in the Hous-



USC's John McKay (left) is ranked among coaches who understand Negro problems best, but Mike Berrell (right) says it wasn't always so.

ton quarterback being smeared. A white teammate, Ken Hebert of Pampa, Texas, rushed McVea and began shoving and berating him, and McVea shoved back. After the brief set-to, Houston fans began to ride McVea. He had stepped out of his place. Because he did, he is still known in parts of Houston as the "smart nigger" who had the effrontery to stand up to a white man in front of 41,000 people.

The white character of college football is amply displayed at the University of Washington, where the athletic department has worked for years establishing a mystique called "The Husky Way." According to the black players, "The Husky Way" is simply a euphemism for "The White Way." The Husky Way is a mood or spirit or code that does not seem to pertain to blacks. "What is a Husky?" says Gregg Alex, repeating a stock line among the Negro players. "A Husky is a man from a third-string high school squad who can run 100 yards in 11 seconds, who is a robot, and you make an All-America out of him." Says football player and trackman Dave DuPree: "There are a lot of white 'Huskies,' but I don't know of a single black 'Husky.'"

The difference between the white or

Husky way and the black or "scuf" way shows up most clearly before a game. For as long as sports historians can remember the white way to prepare for a game has been to sit around looking somber, serious, almost funereal. Too much is at stake out there today for any joking around. Anybody who cracks a smile is not taking this ball game seriously enough. "Black athletes look on it as a game," says a Washington football player. "We're relaxed. But the coaches will look at you and frown if you're not getting yourself all psyched up like the white athletes do."

The same situation arose this year with UCLA's national champion basketball team, which was built around Lew Alcindor and counted heavily on two other Negroes, Lucius Allen and Mike Warren. Without its Negroes the UCLA basketball team would have been nothing, and everybody on the campus, including the Negroes, knew it. Thus some breakthroughs were forced in the white puritan ethic of the game. "We black players knew that as a unit we had a lot of power," says cocky Mike Warren, "and we did a lot of things that would not have been tolerated otherwise. Before the season Coach Wooden told Alcindor and me that our hair had grown a little

rounder

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too long last year [they were wearing them in bushy "naturals"] and suggested that we cut it closer this year. We didn't, and nothing happened. We also changed the pregame routine. Before we got on the varsity the locker room used to be quiet before a game; everybody was supposed to be concentrating on the opponent. But now we just sit around and talk 'til it's time to go out on the floor. When the white players saw us talking they started talking, too, and everybody was relaxed."

But not every team has a reasonable coach like John Wooden, and not every team is built around three black stars like Alcindor, Warren and Allen. On most teams the Negro is expected to know his place—it is part of his role and keep his mouth shut about any abuse. Sometimes abuse comes from his fellow teammates or opponents, but more often it comes from the coaches. "It's like this," says Don Chaney of Houston. "You're there to do the job. You're somebody they hired. You're a workhorse. A workhorse isn't supposed to talk back when he's switched, is he?"

University of Kansas Negro football players watched with surprise last year as a peculiar relationship grew between a black player and a white assistant coach. "It started when the player made a mistake in practice and the coach kicked him kind of half seriously and half playfully," remembers Luneman Willie McDaniel. "When this happened again, the Negro just laughed—he's that kind of kid, he takes and takes. So now the kid would be down in a crouch ready to do a forward roll in practice and the coach would come up behind him and kick him. And then laugh. And then all the white cats on the team would laugh, too. It got to be the big joke on the team, and this kid weighs 230 pounds, and he's getting kicked every time he goes into a crouch. I'll tell you one thing it wouldn't have been the team joke if the coach had been kicking me!"

A double standard exists. It is much like certain racial remarks that lose their steam, lose their inner appeal to our sadistic and masochistic impulses if some other race is substituted. Would anyone have laughed if a comedian had said,

"There's an Anglo-Saxon in the wood pile?" How much attention would have been paid to a hook called *Little White Samba*? Would the University of Kansas football team roar with laughter if its white quarterback, Bobby Douglass, were kicked in the tail repeatedly by an assistant coach?

As every white racist knows, "The nigger likes to dog it." He's lazy, and he's always feigning injury. And this attitude pervades the sporting establishment. The double standard applies to injuries.

They figure that the Negro is Superman," says a Negro back, "We can't get hurt," says an esteemed basketball player. "We're supposed to be made of stone." This is a view aired by every dissident group of black athletes that has publicly made an issue of its grievances in recent months.

Black athletes tell many stories about the treatment they get from white trainers (complaints about trainers arise repeatedly among those black athletes who have voiced their problems to college administrations) on those occasions when the coach agrees that an injury is indeed bona fide. Dave DuPre swears that a trainer at the University of Washington sent him out to play football with torn tendons in both hands. He says he had to go to the student health center for treatment when he could not get it from trainers. After the season he was hospitalized for surgery.

Walt Hazard says he knew a UCLA football player who injured his wrist in an early game and was told by the training staff that he had nothing but a sprain. "He played all season with his wrist taped up," says Hazard, "and after the last game they told him that he'd had a broken bone in his hand. He wound up in a cast for 18 months." Hazard claims he himself had a hairline fracture of a bone in his right leg but was not told about it until the end of the season. "It came out in the training room," he says. "A player made a slip of the tongue. The point is, they just don't think a black athlete can be hurt. The black athletes have a little private joke about that. When somebody's hurt, the saying is 'O.K., spit on it, rub a little dirt on it, you're fine!'"

In any discussion of such things as a double standard of injuries—in fact, in much of the black-white controversy—



Dick Harp yells at Kansas coach when he found himself worrying about the "quab" and got tired of hearing alumni and fans insult his Negroes.

it is important to remember that the Negro is reacting from the viewpoint of the insulted party. If he cites 1,000 examples of a certain prejudice, the point is not the weight that can be attached to the individual examples, because sometimes they sound petty or childish ("I hurt my finger and those had people didn't even care"), but that the condition as a whole does exist, and that it is upsetting the black athlete.

The case of Warren McVea sums up the injury situation, and what is most meaningful is not McVea's attitude but that of a Houston athletic-department member. "If we say we're hurt, they say we're faking," McVea recalls. "I played four years with injuries and you hardly ever heard a word about it. I played my whole senior year with a pulled groin muscle. It made it hard for me to cut and change speeds, and that's my game, twisting and spinning around out there. Before every game they'd shoot me full of novocaine and send me out. It wouldn't have been so bad if anybody had known how bad I was, it's only human to feel better if people know you're hurt and you're still doing your best. But the coach told me to keep quiet about it. He wanted me to go through the whole season playing crappy games without telling anybody about the injury."

"Mac is no complainer," says the Houston athletic-department member. "He's telling you the truth. He was hurt almost all the time he was here, and yet you hardly heard a word about it. People didn't want to hear about it. Somehow they couldn't accept the idea that a Negro athlete could be hurt."

The black athletes, to use Hazard's phrase, have to "rub a little dirt" on mental injuries as well. The University of Washington training staff kept a bulletin board in the training room, and the board was adorned with pictures of players on a scrub team who had performed outstandingly well. For a while, one Negro, Al Roberts, was represented, but his photograph was missing. Instead, there was a cartoon of an African native, complete with a bone through the nose. When the Negro team members eventually scratched up the cartoon, some of the trainers were angered. They acted as though it was not the Negroes' place to take such a step.



Houston's Warren McVea, a star who's injured, says white players always think two things of black athletes. They're superhuman—and dumb.

The word "nigger," with all its painful connotations for the black athlete, is commonplace in the Husky athletic department; it is used so widely that the Negro athletes at Washington have all but become inured to it. Luther Carr remembers when a trainer complained about a white player, "That guy is always hanging around with niggers." Watching wrestling on television, one member of the Husky athletic staff turned to a football player and said, "Look at that guy! That sure is a big nigger!" Running Back Joe Jones remembers hearing an assistant coach compliment a white back by saying, "You run like a nigger on Sunday!" At faculty hearings this year, a member of the athletic department reportedly admitted that the offensive word "slaps out occasionally." He argued that the word was not used about individual Negroes, but merely in a general way. "In other words," said an attorney representing the black athletes, "the coaches stereotype a whole race, an entire culture, as nothing but 'nigger'."

Don Chaney walked into the TV room in the dormitory at Houston just at time

to hear some of his fellow athletes chortling about the blacks on *Tarzan*. "They'd be saying things like, 'Get that nigger.' 'Stupid nigger,' stuff like that," Chaney recalls, "and they would guggle and laugh. Then they looked back and saw me and shut up. I just sat there for 10 or 15 minutes without saying a word. But you've got to learn to take that. They don't hurt you by calling you names. They don't kill you. They just make themselves look bad."

Corky Bell of the Loyola of Chicago basketball team remembers a time last season when the opponents used the word "nigger" repeatedly. Loyola frequently started five Negroes, "the standard joke was that we were starting four niggers and one albino," Bell says. "I'm the albino, because I'm light-skinned." In the game that Bell remembers best, the use of derogatory names like "nigger" was so widespread that Bell became suspicious. Later one of the other team's substitutes said that his coach ordered the players to use the word "nigger." The coach had hoped it would get the Loyola team upset.

Oddly enough, the black athlete gets

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comparatively slight abuse from those allegedly bloodthirsty characters, the fans. Perhaps this is because a fan who stands up and hollers, "Nigger!" exposes himself to hundreds of people sitting within earshot, whereas it is a very private matter when a player mutters, "Get up, nigger!" as they often did to Darryl Hill, the Negro who integrated both the U.S. Naval Academy and the University of Maryland football teams.

When Hill worked out before a football game he would notice that cheers would go up from the crowd when he dropped a pass or a kick and boos when he caught the ball. Once the whole Maryland football team left Clemson stadium dressed in football gear in case there was any trouble, and again in South Carolina a drunken fan tried to spill his drink on the young Negro as the team left the field. "The player behind me noticed and bashed the guy with his helmet," Hill recalls.

In Hill's judgment, the toughest place to play was Virginia. "Those students were mean," he says. "They gave our Jewish linebacker, Jerry Fishman, a bad time, too. They'd yell, 'Get that dirty Jew off the field!' They were the most vocal by far." Hill also got his share of threatening phone calls. ("You come into the stadium and we're going to shoot you.")

Such calls are not restricted to Virginia, nor is racial prejudice on the playing field exclusive to the South. When Darwin Campbell was playing basketball at Seattle Pacific College the team journeyed to Yakima for a game with a junior college team. Yakima is a conservative rural-growing and farming area in the eastern part of the state, and the John Birch Society chapter has a farm foothold in the town. The game had hardly started before Campbell began to hear shouts. "A bunch of fellows seized themselves down close to the sidelines right in the middle of the court. They took up about the first three rows. Every time I'd get the ball out of bounds I'd hear them yell, 'Nigger!' or say something like, 'Tuck in your shirt, black boy, you're getting enough notice.' I scored 18 points that night and we won."

Lee Evans, the record-holding San Jose State College runner, thought he had left the red-necks behind when he

went to Innsbruck, Austria, with a group of American trackmen in 1966. But Evans was going through his hotel lobby when he passed a group of Southerners, one of whom said loudly: "Those damned niggers! I don't care where we go. We can't get away from them." The next afternoon, Evans, by then the least of Innsbruck, walked into the lobby carrying his trophies and the same Americans tried to shake his hand.

When Dick Harp was coaching basketball at the University of Kansas he became acutely conscious of certain sounds from the cheering sections when he would start a few Negroes. Sometimes an alumnus would come to Harp and refer to the team's black athletes as niggers, "and I'd get so mad I wanted to kill him," says Harp.

Harp first began to think of quitting his job as Kansas coach on the day he found himself wondering whether it would offend the Kansas spectators if he started four Negroes. "All fear of them deserved to start," he says, "but the mere fact that I had to think about whether I should start that many brought me up short." Harp played the four and kept on playing them, but the insults of the fans and the digs from the alumni wore him down. In 1964 he resigned. He could feel the pressure for a quota system, and he did not want to be a part of it. Nowadays the pressure has relaxed a little at K.U. and Coach Ted Owens has occasionally used four Negroes at once without incident.

As for the K.U. football team, the Negro players are convinced that there is still a very formal quota system and that it is rigidly enforced. They say Kansas will never play more than two Negroes in the backfield and seldom more than three on the whole offensive team, and only a few more than that on defense. Ability is not a factor. "What they do," says Don Shanklin, "is take the skilled Negroes and stack them at one or two positions and let them light it out, while the white players get their positions automatically. The reason is simple. The fans don't want to see too many black faces on the field at a time. The heroes are supposed to be white. That's why they allow a few more Negroes on the defensive team. Not so many heroes are produced there."

There is, in fact, hardly a college

team on which Negroes are not stacked in certain positions and held to firm quotas. Kansas, which has been going through a period of agonizing reappraisal about its black athletes, may even be one of the lesser offenders. At the University of Washington, players say that stacking and quotas have been almost as traditional as "The Husky Way," says alumnus Junior Coffey. "In 1961 Jan Stager played fullback for Washington and led the team in rushing. The next year they moved him to right half, with another Negro, Martin Wyatt, behind him. This meant that there would be only two black starters in the backfield, the halfbacks. I was a sophomore, and I was put behind Bobby Monroe, a white, at fullback. Monroe did most of the starting, but I eventually gained more yardage." In fact, Coffey, a substitute, led the conference in rushing.

Negroes at Washington say that the stacking policy began as long ago as 1956 and has continued firmly ever since. They point out that in 1958 there were five Negroes stacked at left half. Luther Carr, George Fleming, Carver Gayton, Tony Soffile and Bernell Anderson. "You see," says Carr, "we Negroes can only run on our right!"

The next year, 1959, it was Fleming and Gayton at left half, Ray Jackson and Joe Jones at fullback, all Negroes. In 1960 it was Fleming, Gayton and Charlie Mitchell at left half, Jackson and Jones at fullback. Negro alums charge that the arithmetic was simple: only two Negroes could start in the backfield at a time. There have been adjustments since then, but the quota system and the stacking continue.

According to senior Sandy Green and some of his black teammates on Tommy Prothro's UCLA team, stacking goes on there, too. "During my junior year," the defensive back says, "I started the first six games and then they yanked me and put a state senator's son in my place. They had to play this guy someplace, so they traded him at one of the positions where there were Negroes."

Thus, of course, is only Green's view. Other Negroes on the UCLA squad refuse to discuss the matter for the record. Unlike Green, they have at least another year of eligibility. They claim that a coach called them in after an article about Negro athletes in *LIFE* and

told them that they would be cut from the team if they talked to the press about racial matters. The coach denies the charge. When a black reporter called on him recently, he opened the interview by handing over a printed statement: "I certainly realize that nationally and in most communities there is a racial problem. However, if we ever had a problem we certainly do not now. Our squad unity is most gratifying."

Most of the Negro players disagree. They say there was frequent racial discussion last year ("That's why we lost the USC game," says one. "We weren't really a team"), that the athletic department keeps a tight rein on black athletes and lets the whites run loose, that Negroes are stacked into certain positions, that the school helps white players get housing and jobs but does little for the blacks, that the white players exclude the blacks from many of their social events, that blacks are pressured to stay away from the white girls, and that there is a firm double standard up and down the line. In short, the old familiar story. One keeps reminding oneself that these Negro athletes are talking about UCLA, the nationally known "paradise" for black athletes, the school that has thrice elected Negroes to the presidency of the student body, the school that numbers among its alumni Rafer Johnson, Arthur Ashe, Jackie Robinson, Kenny Washington and many another famous Negro athlete.

There is legitimate cause to suppose that UCLA is, indeed, the paradise that Negro athletes at other schools seem to think it is—relatively speaking. Lew Alcindor studied the college scene and chose UCLA, and although he is now said to be unhappy there, he remains. The message is clear: UCLA, with all the double standards that the Negroes seem to see, nevertheless is a relatively good place for black athletes. They could have gone to the University of Texas at El Paso.

Next Week

A case study of practices at the University of Texas at El Paso, where black athletes were reported to win national fame, but where lack of understanding of Negro problems led to bitterness, protest and boycott.



Lew Alcindor and his Negro teammates set a new style at UCLA with their ring hair, satygeing pregame sessions and controversial attitudes.

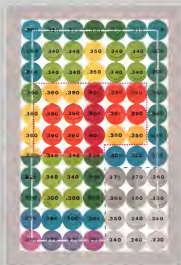
SCIENCE OF BATTING

by **TED WILLIAMS** with **JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Hitters are a vanishing breed and, as averages shrink and strikeouts soar, followers of baseball want to know why Ted Williams, the last major-leaguer to hit .400 and perhaps the most intense student of batting the game has known, offers in this final installment of his life story some of his findings and cherished views on the art of putting a bat to a baseball. Everybody knows how to hit, he says, but few really do. Some of his original thinking will surprise even big-leaguers. It begins (opposite) with a hard look at the strike zone and reaches into the mysteries of pitching—even to denting the new hysteria over the spitball

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN S. DUMASIAN

This is the sweetest sight American League pitchers had to face for 25 years: Ted Williams, coiled and compact at the plate, his legs cocking as his lead foot begins to stride into the belt. Williams' first rule of hitting was to get a good ball to hit. He learned down to percentage points where those good balls were. The box shows his particular preferences, from what he considered his "happy zone"—where he could hit .400 or better—to the low outside corner—where the most he could hope to hit was .250. Only when the situation demands it, says Williams, should a hitter go for the low-percentage pitch. Since some players are better high-ball hitters than low-ball hitters, or better outside than in, each batter should work out his own set of percentages. But more important, each should learn the strike zone, because once pitchers find a batter is going to swing at bad pitches he will get nothing else. The strike zone is approximately seven feet wide (allowing for pitches on the corners). When a batter starts swinging at pitches just two inches out of that zone (shaded area), he has increased the pitcher's target from approximately 4½ square feet to about 5½ square feet—an increase of 33%. Allow a pitcher that much of an advantage, says Williams, and you will be a .250 hitter.



From the moment the ball leaves the pitcher's hand, a batter has about two-fifths of a second to make up his mind whether to swing at the pitch and, if he does, to complete his swing. A disciple of quickness with the bat, Williams demonstrates how fast he can be. His stance is compact, his lead foot nearer the plate and pointed slightly toward the pitcher, his bat held almost vertical to the ground and close to the body. The pitch is on its way. . .

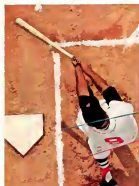


His lead foot slides eight inches toward the pitch



Bat is tightening out, left elbow comes in

One-second watch times pitch traveling 69' 6" to plate at better than 38 mph



Kips wide open, a line drive to right center



Wrists are still unbroken through ideal hitting zone



Hands are already past the plate, well in front



Hips (red line) begin to open up into the pitch



Bat is flatter still as hips lead way into swing



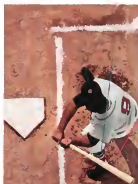
A decision is made on the pitch—he will swing



Hip action is far ahead, putting arms around



Shoulders (blue line) begin to open, head is back



Bat begins a tight but powerful arc into pitch



Cocking hips (large arrow), so essential to the golf swing but never articulated in baseball, is, according to Wilkens, at the root of baffling power. It occurs in unison with the beginning of the stride, the lead knee (arrow) turning in to facilitate rotation of the hips and shoulders. Note that hands are also cocked.



In fully extended home-run swing hands (arrow) move



the bat through hitting area as the hips are opened up.



Head still lead, arms extend, thus increasing arc



of swing to bring fat part of bat up into pitch.



The longer a batter can wait on a pitch, says Williams, the less chance there is that he will be fooled. But waiting requires the



kind of quickness Williams shows here. The ball (left) seems on the verge of passing his bat, but does not, as he whips around (right).

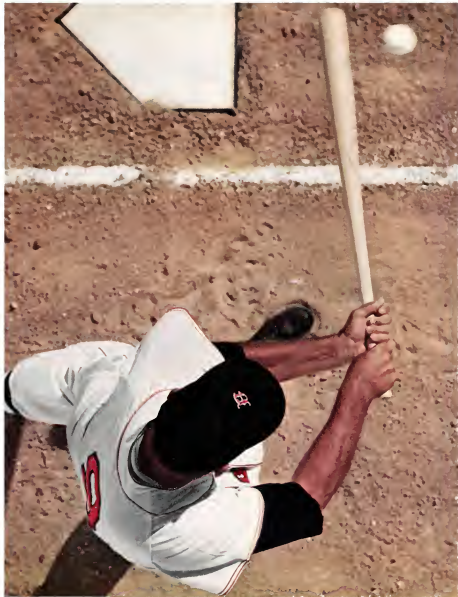
From the stance to the completion of the swing, hands and forearms supply direction. The grip is firm with the bottom hand holding the bat like a hammer and the index finger slightly open. Trailing elbows tuck in for compactness, keeping the arc of the swing tight. The wrists do not roll. Action at point of impact is comparable to that of the hard, unbroken swing of an ax.





The inside-out swing is a panacea for pull hitters who want to go to the opposite field, even on inside pitches. It is also a remedy for big swingers who strike out often and the ideal protective swing on a two-strike pitch. In executing this push-style swing, batter should try to get on top of ball. Arms are never fully extended, contact is made jovially at 85° angle from the direction of pitch, although angles of 15° off optimum are permissible. Hands usually stay ahead; after impact wrists are still unbroken. This ball went on a line to left center.







THE MOST IMPORTANT SKILL IN THE GAME

Hitting a baseball, as I said earlier in this series, is the single most difficult thing to do in sport. I get raised eyebrows when I say that, but what is there that is harder to do—that requires more natural ability, more physical dexterity, more mental alertness? What is there that requires a greater finesse to go with physical strength, that has as many variables and as few constants, and with it all the continuing frustration of knowing that even if you are a .300 hitter—which is a rare item these days—you are going to fail at your job seven out of 10 times? If John Unitas completed three of every 10 passes he threw he would be the ex-quarterback of the Baltimore Colts.

Golf? Somebody always mentions golf. You don't have to have good eyesight to play golf. You have to have it to hit a baseball. You don't have to have speed, either, to succeed at golf, or great strength, or exceptional coordination. You don't even have to be young. Golfers win major tournaments into their 50s. In the history of baseball, only Saichel Paige was still effective at that age.

You never hear a boo in golf. I know that's a factor. You don't have a pitcher throwing curves and sliders and knuckleballs and, if he doesn't like you, maybe a fastball at your head. There is nothing to hurt you in golf unless lightning strikes or somebody throws a club. And, gee, there's that golf ball, sitting right there for you to hit, and a flat-faced club to hit it with. Thousands of guys play par golf. Good young golfers are swarming into the pros like lemmings.

Swing for home; Williams distributes weight evenly as bat enters hitting zone. Ideally, it is 15° on either side of perpendicular to pitch, but on sure pull hits up to 35° ahead.

I compare baseball with golf not to detract from it, because it is a fine game, good fun, sociable and a game, unlike baseball, that you can play for life. There are some great athletes in golf. Sam Snead comes immediately to mind. There are points of similarity in the swings of the two games—hip action, for one, is a key factor, and the advantage of an inside-out stroke. I will elaborate later. The thing is, hitting a golf ball has been examined from every angle. Libraries are jammed with books on the subject. There are as many theories, in fact, as there are tee markers and, for the student, a great weight of diagnosis.

Despite the fact there is more to say about batting, hitting a baseball has had no such barrage of scholarly treatment. Probably that is one reason why there are so many people—even at the big-league level—teaching it incorrectly, or not teaching it at all. Another surely is that not enough people have examined hitting. Then there are the damn pitching coaches who stand at the batting cage and yell at the pitchers to "Keep it low, keep it low," and "How's your arm, Bill? Don't throw too hard, now," and never mind seeing to it that the batter gets the kind of practice he needs.

Baseball is crying for good hitters. Hitting is the most important part of the game. For an outfielder, hitting is 75% of his worth, more important than fielding and arm and speed combined. Yet there does not seem to be a hitter in baseball today who is going to wind up a lifetime .333 hitter. Hank Aaron was down to .316 at the beginning of this season. Roberto Clemente was .312. Willie Mays .309. Al Kaline .305. Mickey Mantle will be lucky to finish above .300.

The longer season is blamed for this, and the pitching in the majors is supposed to be better. Certainly a week should be cut off both ends of the sea-

son if for no other reason than to get away from some of that lousy cold weather. It's hard to hit in cold weather. But I wonder if the longer season were responsible for the low averages you would still expect a few of the better hitters to average .360 or .370 for at least 100 games, and they don't. How, too, can the pitching be better when, with the disappearance of minor league teams, there are fewer pitchers in organized baseball and when expansion has made starters out of 20 or more who would otherwise still be in the minors?

The answers are not all that hard to figure. They talk about the ball being dead. The ball isn't dead, the hitters are, from the neck up. Everybody is trying to pull the ball to begin with, trying to hit home runs, which is folly and I will tell you why as we go along—and how Ted Williams, that notorious pull hitter, learned for himself. I probably will get carried away and sound like Al Simmons and Ty Cobb did to me when they used to cart their criticism of my hitting into print. I don't mean to criticize individuals here. Not at all. I do criticize these trends.

I think hitting can be improved at almost any level, and my intention is to show how, and what I think it takes to be a good hitter, even a .400 hitter if the conditions are ever right again, from the theory to the mechanics to the application. If I can help somebody, fine. That's the whole idea. I feel in my heart that nobody in this game ever devoted more concentration to the batter's box than Theodore Samuel Williams, a guy who practiced until the blisters bled, loved batting anyway and always delighted in examining the art of hitting the ball. I'm almost 50 years old now. I've had a lot of time to think about it.

It would be nice to be able to lay down some hard rules that would elim-

continued

innate all weaknesses for a batter. Every batter has some, and every pitcher, his natural enemy, is on the lookout for them, though pitchers, as a breed, are dumb and headheaded. The smart ones, like Whitey Ford and Bob Feller and Ed Lopat, are always after an edge. The batter has to beat the edge.

I think you will find as we go along that much of what I have to say about hitting comes down to your own self-education, thinking it out, learning the situations, knowing your opponent and, most important, knowing yourself. You, the hitter, are the greatest variable in this game, because to know yourself takes dedication. Today that's a hard thing to have. Today ballplayers have a dozen distractions. They're always on the run. In the old days we didn't fly, we rode the train. We might be 10 to 12 hours on a train, and much of the talk was hitting. We didn't have television, we didn't have a lot of money to play around with. We lived in an atmosphere of baseball. We talked it, we experimented, we swapped bats. I was forever trying a new stance, trying to hit like Hank Greenberg or Jimmy Pons or somebody, and then going back to my old way. I recommend that for kids. Experiment. Try what you see that looks good on somebody else. Try different bats, a bigger handle, a bigger barrel, anything.

My preference was a light bat. I treated my bats as though they were babies. I bused them, I used to take them to the post office to check their weights. I ordered 33-ounce bats, but they'd come to 33½ ounces, maybe 34, so I always checked. I'll never forget, Mr. Hillerich of Hillerich & Brady Co., the Louisville Slugger company, put six bats on a bed one time. One was half an ounce heavier than the others. He had me close my eyes and pick out the heavier bat. I picked it out twice in a row.

A trip to the plate was an adventure, one that I could remember and store up information about. I honestly believe I can recall everything there was to know about my first 300 home runs—who the pitcher was, the count, the pitch itself, where the ball landed. I didn't have to keep a written book on pitchers—I *lived* a book on pitchers. That's the kind of dedication I'm talking about.

Now, there are all kinds of hitting styles. The style must fit the player, not the other way around. If you have a

boy with natural talent to work with, you sure as hell don't try to take anything away from him. You add to what he already has or you suggest a little adjustment. For example, when Carl Yastrzemski, who had been great in the minors, first came up he was wheeling the bat all around his neck. I didn't make a big thing of it. I just tried to impress him with this "Don't forget, Carl, the pitching in this league is going to be a little faster. You have to be a little quicker. You can't have any lost motion." I didn't tell him to stop doing anything. I didn't want him to think that much about it. He worked it out for himself.

Now, when the mistakes are mental, as so many of them are, a coach has to beat down. I remember a chat with Rico Petrocelli last year before spring training. I said, "Rico, have I ever told you anything about hitting?" "No," he said. "You know why? Because I can't. You've got a wonderful style. You hit pretty near every pitch well. You've got good power. In a jam, I'd as soon see you at the plate as anybody. But you know what, Rico? I'm beginning to think you're stupid. You don't even have the vaguest idea what is going on at the plate. Just yesterday a guy threw a fast-ball right by you on a 3-and-1 pitch." What I meant was that here was a kid who with two strikes could very well hit as tough a pitch as you could throw, but when he had the pitcher in the hole at 3 and 1, and the pitcher had to come right down the middle with it, he did not realize that he could really rip, really take advantage of the edge. He was up there looking for the tough one when he could have been taking pickings. I have to laugh. Rico said, "You know, Ted, you're right. I'm stupid."

There probably never has been what you would call the "complete" hitter. Babe Ruth struck out more than he should have. Cobb didn't have the power, he didn't have great style. Harry Heilmann wasn't serious enough. I suppose Rogers Hornsby came the closest to being complete. I'll never forget being with the Minneapolis team in camp at Daytona Beach, me, a 20-year-old kid picking Hornsby's brains for everything I could. He'd stay out there with me every day after practice and we'd have hitting contests, just the two of us, and that old rascal would just keep zinging

those line drives. Hornsby wasn't a very diplomatic guy, but he knew what it took to hit.

There are three things I would emphasize to any hitter before even considering the rudiments of a good swing. The three are more constant than the swing itself and every bit as important. The first is something Hornsby originally impressed on me that spring long ago: *get a good ball to hit*. The second is something you must always take up there with you: *proper thinking*. Have you done your homework? What's his best pitch? What did he get you out on last time? I remember one time Hal Newhouser of Detroit dusted me off, then struck me out on three pitches, the last one a sharp letter-high curve. When I came back to the bench I was burning. Rip Russell made a crack and I said, "Listen, I'm betting five bucks if he throws that same pitch again I'll hit it out." Newhouser did, and I did.

The third thing is to be quick with the bat. It applies all the time, and I'll tell you ways to increase your quickness. But what about that "good ball to hit"? You can see in the strike-zone picture what I considered my happy zone, where I consistently hit the ball hard for high average, and the areas graded down to those spots I learned to lay off of, especially that low pitch on the outside 3½ inches of the plate. Cobb once said, "Ted Williams sees more of the ball than any man alive—but he demands a perfect pitch. He takes too many bases on balls." I don't resent that. I'm sure Cobb thought he was right. What is "seeing"? I had 20-10 vision. A lot of guys can see that well. I sure as hell couldn't read labels on revolving phonograph records as people wrote I did. What I had more of was discipline, and isn't it funny? I took so many "close" pitches that when I retired I wound up third in all-time bases-loaded home runs, third in all-time home runs and at the top five in runs batted in per time at bat. I had to be doing something right, and for my money the principal something was being selective.

I have said earlier in this series that a good batter can hit a pitch that is over the plate three times better than a great batter can hit a questionable ball thrown to a tough spot. Pitchers still make enough mistakes to give you some in your happy zone. But the greatest hitter living can't hit bad balls well. Sure,

you get occasional base hits on pitches in the gray areas; Yogi Berra and Joe Medwick were so-called "bad-ball" hitters, usually on high inside pitches. But more often than not you hit a bad pitch and nothing happens. Nothing. And when you start fishing for the pitch that's an inch off the plate, the pitcher—if he's smart—will put the next one two inches off. Then *three*. And before you know it you're making 50 outs a year on pitches you never should have swung at. Giving the pitcher an extra two inches around the strike zone increases the area of the strike zone 37%. Figure it out.

I don't claim I never walked to first base on a 3-and-2 pitch without saying, "Gee, I wish I'd had that first pitch." But for some reason I didn't. Either I was looking for something else, or it fooled me—and when a pitch fools you and you've got less than two strikes, *take it, take it, take it*. A batter learns in time where his happy zones are. There is no one living who can hit a high ball as well as he does a low ball, or vice versa, or hits an outside pitch as well as he does one on the inside. All hitters have areas they like to hit in. But you can't beat the fact that you've got to get a good ball to hit.

All right, so you've done your homework and your thinking is straight. Now you're up. Mechanics. Feet and hand position vary more than anything else from player to player, because, unlike golf, the baseball swing is not a grooved swing. It is more tailored to the individual, more natural. To hit the ball to the best advantage, I recommend an extremely firm grip with the fingers (the pressure is not on the palms), with the bottom hand holding the bat as you would a hammer, the index finger slightly open. The weight should be balanced, and slightly forward on the balls of the feet, knees bent and flexible. The feet are good and planted, the lead foot pointed out (so as not to restrict your pivot) but slightly closer to the plate than the back foot. My front foot was on a line with and 12 inches away from the front part of the plate. Hornsby and Stan Musial stayed deep in the box. Where to stand depends on a man's size, his bat length, his style. My bat was 35 inches long. The important thing is to have the plate covered on all pitches, inside or out.

Shoulders should at least start at level. Just as in golf, the head is *always*

still and stays put, as level as possible, even as you stride into the ball. I will buy dropping the head down some to get to a lower pitch, but *not forward* toward the pitch, because then you're committing your weight, and the longer you can keep from committing yourself the better your chance of not getting fooled. You fight against going forward, against lunging. If you lunge, if you come forward with your head as you swing, you are diminishing your power. You are *bringing* the bat to the ball rather than swinging at it.

Shoulder positions vary. Some batters naturally fall into a low-ball position—that is, with the lead shoulder dropped a little from level. This results in a longer loop in the swing, which you can have on a low ball where you don't have to be as fast with the bat. The high ball is closer to your hands and you have to be quicker. The lead shoulder should be higher. When you find out what balls you hit best you will adjust your shoulders accordingly. Same with the hands. You can help yourself on high balls by raising your hands. This enables you to stay on top a little more.

I believe in a *compact stance*, which should come as a surprise. Baseball people used to say, "Keep the arms away from the body, keep 'em away," but I believe you feel more comfortable and can be quicker with your hands nearer the body rather than held away from it. It's a stronger position. The bat is easier to control when you decrease the arc of the swing. I held my bat upright, almost vertical to the ground. The bat felt lighter that way, more comfortable. Greenberg tended to flatten out his bat, but when he started to swing he cocked it back up a little. Joe DiMaggio held his at about a 45° angle and kept it there. So this varies, too. My feeling was if I stayed more vertical, thereby increasing the loop in the swing, I could get the ball in the air better, which is advantageous to a power hitter but no advantage at all to a guy who can't put it in the seats. When I wasn't going well, hitting too much into the air, I would start thinking in terms of getting on top of the ball, "chopping" a little more, shortening the swing, and at those times I'd flatten out the bat a little. As a left-hand batter, I kept my left elbow straight back. I felt it gave me that *wag*, that little extra something to get the bat moving. I think people who say they remember

the way I hit recall that elbow held back.

Now we go into the area that breeds controversy: the moves of the hitter. Many of them have been misunderstood for years, and some of them have been completely overlooked. The most important I can think of is the *cocking of the hips*. Sam Snead was once quoted as telling President Eisenhower: "You can't hit with authority until you get your ass into the ball." The advice applies to the baseball hitter. I was always known as a "wrist" hitter, which was a gross exaggeration, and I'll get to that. But hip cocking is as important as wrist action any day. The way you bring your hips into the swing is directly proportionate to the power you generate. I never saw a good hitter who didn't have good hip cock. You would think it would be an instinctive thing, but 25% of the young hitters I see don't cock either their hips or their hands.

Now, with your weight evenly distributed, your hips start out at level. You don't worry about hips until you actually begin the performance of the swing. The hips and hands cock as you move your lead foot to stride, the front knee turning to help the hips rotate back. Your stride is pretty much square to the pitcher. It varies in length with the individual. Mine was about 12 inches as a kid, but shortened as the years went by, because as I got stronger and quicker I felt it an advantage to stay more within myself, more compact. But the direction of the stride should not vary more than 10° from a perpendicular line toward the pitcher. I saw all the good hitters for the last 30 years, and 90% of them strode straight into the ball—Greenberg, DiMaggio, Charlie Gehringer, Musial. Mel Ott bailed out—pulled his foot away from the line, into the bucket—but, remember, he was hitting in a park made to order for pull hitting. Al Simmons did the same thing, put his foot in the bucket. Vern Stephens was a hell of a hitter, and he opened up as he strode, but these three are exceptions.

Some hitters used to say that the direction of the stride depended on where the pitch was—inside pitch, you'd bail out a little; outside, you'd move in toward the plate. This is wrong because you have already made your stride before you know where the ball will be. You have made it in that split second when the pitcher's arm comes into that little area over his shoulder that you

continued

have been focusing on. (Think of it as a 15-inch square. The ball comes out there.) You have cocked and made your stride—but *you have not moved your head*. That's the difference. You have committed your feet, but not your hands or the weight of your swing. The weight is still back, evenly distributed. You do not shift your weight, as the golf pros teach.

All right. You are at bat. This is your first time up in a game. You are not concerned about mechanics now, you are thinking strictly about getting a good ball to hit and remembering what to expect from the pitcher. For me at this point there was one thing that was 95%; certain I was going to *take the first pitch*. Even a strike right down the middle. The reason I swung on the other 5%, was because occasionally I got one that was so tempting, such a damn big ball coming in, that I took a cut to keep the pitcher honest. But what advantage is there in taking the first pitch in a game (the rule doesn't apply in succeeding times up) if the pitch is a strike and you've automatically reduced by 33 1/3% the number of strikes you'll get? These advantages: you've refreshed your memory of the pitcher's speed and his delivery; you see if he's got it on this particular day, you've given yourself a little time to get settled, to get the tempo. Just for fun, see what first-ball hitters average the next time you go to the park or watch a game on television. I'll bet there won't be one hit in 10.

In my case, I was always pitched to carefully, so I'd get to see maybe four or five pitches that first time up, maybe even six, and I was learning from each one of them. Second time up, you're even more alert, because now you've had a sampling—what did I do first time? A home run off what pitch? A pop-up? A strikeout? Why? Did he fool me?

Now, the next pitch is on its way, and your hips and hands are cocked, your head staying back in place, your whole body more or less coiled for the opposite and equal application of power—the swivel or pivot, the opening of the hips. As the hips come around, the hands follow, just as in golf, and the bat follows the hands. As they get into the hitting area the speed is increasing.

The pitch is in your happy zone, and you're after it, intent on getting that four-inch joy part—the fat of the bat—on the ball. Now, two points of major im-

portance, and you will be surprised hearing them from a "wrist" hitter and a "pull" hitter. No doubt the ideal hit is a pulled ball, because that can become the easiest kind of home run. At advantageous moments, when the count is right—3 and 0, 3 and 1, 2 and 0, 2 and 1—and the pitcher has to get it over, or it's a time when a long hit or homer is absolutely essential, the pulled fly is worth shooting for.

But stop and think about the perfect swing. The best chance of getting the joy spot of your bat on the ball occurs when the swing brings it into contact at 90° from the direction of the pitch. At that point, the joy is fully exposed—four inches. The more you sharpen the angle of the bat, the more you diminish your good hitting surface. Fifteen degrees either side of 90 is a reasonable tolerance area. An extra 15° in front is available for a better hitting well. But at 45°—the real pull swing—you've cut the joy spot one-third. If you are that far ahead of the ball you also reduce the time you have in which to judge the pitch, and, as I said, the longer you can wait the less chance there is that you will be fooled by the pitch. Swing in back of that 15°, you haven't built up enough bat speed to hit with authority.

When I had such a hard time with Lou Boudreau's shift, I survived by learning how to hit to left field. I did it by taking my stance a little further from the plate and concentrating more on pushing the ball, a *push* swing, an inside-out swing, a downswing fully extended, the hands ahead of the fat part of the bat to produce contact at 90° or more. This sent the ball to the left of the pitcher's box, away from the shift.

I also learned one thing that most young hitters and 50% of the big-league players I've talked to have never considered—that the impact of bat on ball is reached not with the wrists rolling, or a "wrist" swing, but with the wrists square and unbroken, as they would be at impact when an ax is swung on a tree. The power is always applied *before* the wrists roll. Even when you are pulling? Yes, because the hips and arms bring the bat around, not the wrists. The wrists roll after the ball has left the bat. Try it for yourself. Get a bat and swing it against a telephone pole. Where is the wrist position at the point of impact? Square and unbroken, that's where. Conclusion? *The baseball swing is a head*

push swing. You get your power not from the wrists but from the arms and shoulders and the rotation of the hips into the ball.

This is not to say you need not have strong wrists. You do need them, and strong arms, shoulders, back and legs. I was always squeezing rubber balls, working hand grips, doing fingertip push-ups, swinging heavy bats, doing chin-ups, running, walking, anything to get stronger. But wrist action is overrated. One other thing. I said I moved away to help myself hit the inside pitch to left field. Be careful with this, because if you move too far back in the box there's a disadvantage, 100°: the balls that break over the front corners of the plate are difficult to reach, and they are still strikes.

Now, you have always heard that the ideal swing is "level" or "down," and with some hitters that is probably true. Certainly a Nellie Fox had more of a downswing than a Mackey Marmale does, because Fox was no fence pounder. He was a great little punch hitter who concentrated on being quick with the bat and on directing balls sharply through the holes instead of up in the air. But to produce the longer ball I advocate a slight upswing (from level to about 10°). The upswing makes sense for another reason. Say the average pitcher is 6' 3". He's standing on a mound 15 inches high. He's pitching overhand, or three-quarter arm. The flight of the ball is down, about 5°. A slight upswing puts the bat flush in line with the path of the ball for a longer period of time.

Certainly there are moments when you want to think about swinging down—when you are having trouble, getting fooled, popping up. Then the downswing, which is the shortest possible stroke, has an advantage over the longer upswing, which requires more control. There is less chance of hitching or overstrking, and the downswing gives you more time to wait. It is also the ideal two-stroke swing, and here is where so many of today's hitters are failing, aren't hitting as many singles and doubles, aren't hitting .300 but are striking out so much. *They don't protect themselves on a two-stroke pitch*. Two strikes and they're still swinging 100%, swinging up, trying to pull, trying to hit the ball into the seats. Because big swingers of the past knew they shouldn't do this, they hit for average, too.

All right. What do you do about be-

ing the complete hitter? Up to two strikes, you have been selective. With two strikes, the advantage turns, you are now at the mercy of the pitcher. You have to concede to him. You have to make adjustments. You have to think in terms of making everything *quicker*. How do you do that? You choke up a little bit. You quit trying to pull. You think more about that push swing, that 90° impact from the direction of the pitch—you think about hitting the ball back through the box.

Harry Walker was a great student of hitting, and he was good at this. Roberto Clemente and Yastrzemski are probably the most flexible hitters around today. Psychologically, becoming a good two-strike hitter inspires confidence. A batter knows he can hit with authority. He learns, as I did, that he can cut strike-outs to less than 50 a year. He can bat 20 or 30 points higher. In 1957, when I hit .388, I got most of my hits on two-strike pitches.

The reason batting a baseball is so tough is that even the best can't hit all of the balls thrown to them just right. To do so is a matter of making corrections every minute, in practice as well as in the game. Ground out a lot? You're probably swinging too early. Popping up? Probably swinging too late. Much of the correction, however, concerns the pitchers you face. I suppose I could name 100 pitchers who were tough for me, all requiring constant investigation. Some of the great ones I caught near the end of their careers—Bobo Newsom, Mel Harder, Red Ruffing, Tommy Bridges, Ted Lyons. If you asked me to name the five toughest, you might be surprised at my answer: Ford, Bob Lemon, Lopat, Feller and Hoyt Wilhelm. All different from each other but all smart as hell. A second five would be right up there: Paul Trout, Virgil Trucks, Newhouser, Vic Raschi and Albie Reynolds, but they were real power pitchers, guys who stood out there and dared you to hit their good ones. As a hitter, I could handle the fastball pitchers, at least with more consistency than the others. I didn't dread facing any of them, but, when I went into a game knowing the pitcher was tough, that was better for me. Invariably, when I'd say, "Boy, I'm going to bust this guy," it wouldn't happen.

The best all had good deliveries. They

weren't stereotyped. They never conceded to the hitter. Three-and-one count and they'd still give you tough pitches. Lemon was a great natural athlete; his pitches were always moving, always sinking, always directed to a tough spot. Feller I put in there because he probably had more speed, more stuff than anybody, though I hit him pretty well. Even after losing his stuff he won on control. Lopat and Ford were left-handers. Lopat had as fine a collection of junk as you'll ever see. He was always giving you something new. Ford had that sharp-breaking curve, and he always got it in a good spot, away and down. Most of the hits I got off Ford were to center and left center. He made very few mistakes. The only home run I hit off Ford was on a high curve, and that was the only high curve I ever saw from Ford.

Wilhelm? Knuckleball pitcher all the way. What do you do with a knuckleball? Don't ask me, because I seldom hit it, but I'd say you don't try to get big with it and pull, you just stay with it as long as possible. Wilhelm is a guy who'll throw you a sure-strike knuckler, then a real good knuckler, then, with two strikes, a real sinker of a knuckler, dancing in your face. I remember one time when he threw me a fastball. I said, "Well, gee, here's a nice fastball." *Bow*, line drive into right field for a base hit. I had that much time. He never gave me another.

Trouble with the average pitcher is his hardheadedness. He has too inflated an opinion of what he's got. Say it's his fastball. He thinks he can throw it any time, any place, anywhere. If you hit his fastball, he still gives it to you. He doesn't spend enough time studying hitters, and he concedes too often to a hitter in a tough spot. But his biggest mistake is in not working on getting breaking pitches over the plate.

The slider is probably as good a pitch as there is in baseball. All hitters have trouble with it. Mays says it's the toughest, Hank Aaron says it's the toughest. I say it's the greatest pitch in baseball. It is easy to control. It is easy to learn. It immediately gives a pitcher a third or fourth pitch in his repertoire.

The spitball is the biggest piece of fiction there is. They're always talking about the spitball. All a batter has to do is have the umpire look at the ball, because to be an effective spitter the ball has to be loaded up good. I played

under Fred Shellenback for two years in San Diego, the greatest spitballer in the minor leagues. He threw spitters all the time, and I know he had to get the damn ball goobered up with that slippery elm, and the more he got on it the better it was. You can't just wet your fingertips and throw a spitball. And you can't control it unless you throw it a lot. I defy any pitcher to show me he can do it just wetting his fingers. I hit against Lou Burdette. Everybody said he threw spitters. Maybe they were, but they didn't look like spitters to me. They'd sink, or fade a little. They certainly weren't *good* spitters. Mike Garcia threw one at me one time and the spit came up and hit me in the eye. The umpire threw the ball out. I didn't realize it, but Tommy Bridges said he threw one to me and I hit it out of the park.

As far as the fear hitters have of getting conked with the ball, all hitters go through it, and they must accept terror as a pitcher's legitimate weapon. A pitcher puts a hitter through those test periods. Start wearing down the fences and they start giving you a look. Then they find out if you can hit from the prone position.

A good hitter knows that he must fight to stay in there because, once he starts bailing out, the pitcher has him beaten. I remember Lefty Chase, who pitched for Washington. He had a hell of a curve and fastball, but he was wild. One day he got me to 3 and 2 with two men on, and threw a big sharp curve, and I took it. Fooled me. Strike three. I got up again in the fourth inning, bases loaded, count goes to 3 and 2, and here comes another, and I'm hanging in there, waiting, waiting, and I don't think I moved until the ball was right by my ear. It darn near hit my hat and spun it on my head. I walked.

But I'm not writing about pitchers. This is a hitter's guide. Pitchers don't pick up things very easily, anyway. Half of them don't even take batting practice. And isn't it funny? The way the game is played, they represent 11¹/₂ of the team's batting lineup going into a game. They should be as much concerned about their hitting as anybody, especially during those four days between pitching assignments. I know one thing. If I were a manager, my pitchers would get hitting practice. And my hitters would get *pleasure* of hitting practice. It's the most important thing in the game. **END**



The Amazon is back for a trotting title

Powerful Roquépine, defending her International crown, is the pride of 300 years of French breeding

Monsieur Bruno Saint-Palais, the spokesman for the French trotting Establishment, very deliberately made the sign of the cross over his lips. Then he leaned forward and declared intensely, "We call your American trotters little goats."

This cross-my-mustache-and-hope-to-die statement is sacred dogma with most French horsemen, and when their trotting heroine Roquépine starts in next week's \$100,000 International at Roosevelt Raceway, the French will be—as usual—out to get our goats. They consider their trotters superior, a race apart. Since the time of Colbert, Louis XIV's finance minister, the government has been actively and expensively engaged in purifying the breed of French horses. Thoroughbreds, trotters, saddle horses and even cart horses. A royal 1665 edict ordered the finance minister to "reestablish in the kingdom stud farms ruined by wars...to build them up in such a way that his Majesty's subjects should be no longer obliged to spend money abroad."

At that time the French Government also imported a number of English stallions, because, it was explained, French horses "had not only diminished in number but in quality due to the deterioration of the breed since the 16th century." Colbert set up state studs (21 of them are functioning now) offering



HANDSOME CHATEAU at Gresham is the backdrop as Roquépine begins a morning workout in their Gresham living room, with "Solomon" carpet, are Owner Lorisque and wife

breeders a choice selection of stallions of every type—Thoroughbred, trotter, half-bred, Arab, Percheron, etc. By 1668 a royal commission was deciding which animals could be bred and which stallions should be castrated, at their owners' expense, because they were not of sufficient quality. Even now, 300 years later, this rigid selection process continues. A team of three men—a veterinarian, a member of the Ministry of Agriculture and a representative of the breeders' organization—must pass on a horse's conformation, quality and lineage before he can be used as a stallion. Last year some 25 trotters were barred from studservice. If the owner decides to mate such a horse anyway, the offspring will be classed as "meat" and will be unable to compete at recognized tracks.

The trotter that the French government works so hard to propagate is a tall, well-boned, robust animal. From time to time, to give these horses "ne-
vous influx," trotting mares are crossed with Thoroughbreds, but never, never nowadays with foreign trotting stock. Until 30 years ago American trotters were accepted in the French stud book—Roquepine has a Yankee strain—but by 1938 the Norman horsemen who rule French trotting had decided that U.S. stallions were hurting the French strain (There is a counterargument that what the Americans were probably hurting was not the breed so much as the Normans' pride and pocketbooks. American horses had won the Prix d'Amerique, France's premier trotting event, five of eight times between 1931 and 1938. There are now only three races in France in which *étrangers* can compete. "We only want our horses to race with the best foreign horses," Saint-Palais explains.)

Whatever the actual reasons for France's equine apartheid policy, there is something unique and praiseworthy in her concern for her bloodstock. The government spends \$4.4 million annually on its state studs. In 1967, \$200,000 went just on the purchase of trotting stallions. That old cliché, "for the improvement of the breed," can probably only be legitimately used in France. "It is a tradition with us," Saint-Palais says. "For three centuries the important thing has been the pleasure of producing a good breed."

The well-bred flavor of French trotting is reflected in the magnificent estate of Grosbois, 11 miles southeast of Paris, where the country's best Standardbreds are trained. The horses are exercised on paths cut through forests where Louis XIII, Napoleon, Fouché and Talleyrand hunted hound and stag. In a swale in the parkland below the 16th century château lie the stables, meticulously built and cared for. Each trainer has a private yard with a house for his family, apartments for his stablemen and 30 stalls for his stock. There are 30 of these establishments in identical neo-Norman style architecture.

The Société d'Encouragement à l'Élevage du Cheval Français, the organization that administers French trotting, bought Grosbois in 1962 for around \$2 million. The stable complexes cost \$200,000 apiece to construct and are leased by the Société to outstanding trainers for \$7,000 a year. There is also a swimming pool, a cinema and a racetrack kitchen that has a selection of fine wines and brandies. There are greenhouses to keep the wives of the horsemen supplied with flowers and even the windows of the grooms' quarters are hung with starched eyelet curtains.

It is in this genteel setting that Henri Levesque, the owner and trainer of the champion Roquepine and France's most successful harness horseman, lives and works. A ruddy square-faced man of 61, he is a savvy, self-made Norman and an enigma to French racing society.

Levesque was once a beef farmer in Beuzeville-la-Bastille, a village four miles from Utah Beach. In 1947 he decided to give up his cattle and make his fortune with trotters. He was 40 years old, and his experience with horses had been limited to driving in a few amateur races during the war. These had been pickup affairs held in meadows, or around the streets and square of the nearby town of Carentan.

There is a story told to explain Levesque's change of profession. One night in 1942 a gypsy in a Paris cabaret is said to have read his palm and told him he would become rich and successful training racehorses. Very probably, Levesque believed the prediction. In any case, five years later he took his life in his palms, sold some cows, gave up a

continued



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tripe cannery he was operating and began buying horses. Levesque would visit the neighboring farms, picking up a foal here and a yearling there. He would buy one for \$500 down and \$500 if the animal won, and harter for another, offering four or five cows. Levesque is a shrewd judge—"he smells a good horse with his nose," Saint-Palais says. But he also is careful to buy trotters with good bloodlines. "I was the first one to be exacting in choosing horses by their lineage," he says. "The success of the majority of Thoroughbred studs is based on the quality of their bloodlines. I thought this ought also to be true of the trotter, but no one else did."

At first Levesque did not attempt to train his own animals, sending them instead to experienced horsemen. But he stayed close to his stock, asked questions and learned the professional methods. In 1951 he himself began to train ("Trainers were too expensive"), and the next year he finished the season as France's ninth-leading trainer, with 47 victories.

This early success was attributed primarily to luck, but Levesque's horses continued to win. He has owned and developed four French trotting champions since 1956. He usually buys about 50 young horses each year, tries them as 2-year-olds and discards maybe 40 of them

Of the 10 that are left, seven may be what Levesque considers "useful," two of better quality and one of potential world class. These choice horses he sends back to Normandy "to be put in the cupboard" until they are 3-year-olds. Levesque does not believe in racing his horses at 2. He says, "I force myself to be patient. I try not to hasten the growth of my stock. The beef that we allow to mature tranquilly always produce much better meat than the ones we force. Similarly, in racehorses, the ones that are allowed to grow patiently are of superior quality."

It is this stockman's sense that is at the base of Levesque's success. But there has to be something more. "It is the horse bone in his head," says a Norman friend.

Old trotting owners who have been around for generations admit that Levesque is a phenomenon, but admit it begrudgingly. "*Il n'a pas d'origines*," points out one member of the sport's aristocracy. Perhaps because he is still something of an outsider, there remains in Levesque a suspicion and reticence with strangers. He can be a bluffly cordial and debonair host, meeting midday visitors to his stables at Grosbois in a midnight-blue silk suit. A silver ice bucket of champagne will be waiting in the living room, which is decorated with

flowers, antiques, velvets and a remarkable tapestry carpet depicting the *Joseph of Solomon*. But if Levesque's horoscope in that day's *France-Sport* warns him of a difficult meeting or a troublesome afternoon, he will be blandly uncooperative and deaf to all questions. He is hard of hearing, but close friends remark that the degree of his deafness depends on what is being said. And when Levesque's horoscope tells him to "discuss your problems frankly," he will be open and entertaining.

He will tell, for example, about how he got this tapestry of Solomon. A number of years ago he was in Hamburg in the home of a leading German horseman, Kurt Hormann. He told Hormann he had a 3-year-old filly named Masina that had never raced, and he would like to swap her for the carpet and two African swords that were hanging on the wall. Hormann looked up Masina's breeding in the stud book and declined the offer. The filly ended up winning the Prix d'Amérique and \$314,272 for Levesque. Four years ago Levesque was back in Hamburg and back in Hormann's house. Again he made an offer. He would sell the German a fine mare he had who had already won \$50,000. The price, \$24,000 and the tapestry. Hormann agreed. Levesque got the carpet and Hormann the horse, which has not won a race since.

There are other tales of how Levesque succeeded without really trying. There was the time his car broke down at the gate of a farmer. Levesque went to the house for help and came away buying the dam of Masina. A few years later Levesque sold a horse called Oscar R. L. to an Italian, but Oscar got sick after leaving France; Levesque took him back and earned \$408,609 racing him. Another time Levesque bought two young mares, full sisters. A friend wanted one of them for his stud. Levesque told him to take his choice. The man picked Levesque was left with the dam of Roquette. Finally, there is the story of Upsalm, who is the best 4-year-old trotter now competing in France. His dam was well-bred but undistinguished as a racing mare. Levesque gave her to a friend who thought he had made a good deal when he sold her for \$2,000. When Levesque heard about the sale, he was upset. He tried to buy the mare back for \$2,000, then \$4,000, but the new own-



AFTER A WORKOUT, ROUQUERINE IS GIVEN OXYGEN TO RESTORE HER NORMAL BREATHING

er would not sell. Levesque then offered to buy the mare's first foal, dead or alive, no matter what its sire, for \$2,000. The deal was made, and the offspring was Upsala.

It may be luck, but not dumb luck, that has given Levesque his preeminent position in French trotting. He has won every major race, including four of the last eight Prix d'Amérique. Many of these winners he drove himself. It is economical, he does not have to pay a driver or share the purse.

In spite of all his victories, Levesque still savors each success. There was one celebration at Vincennes when he and his friends drank 62 magnums of champagne in the racetrack cellar. His annual champagne bill there is around \$2,000. After winning, he has been known to dance on tabletops, singing Maurice Chevalier songs.

Since Roquepine came along, Levesque had been dancing throughout Europe. She has won in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Torino, Milan, Munich, Hamburg and Naples—38 races and \$762,247. Only one trotter, Su Mac Lad (\$885,095), has earned more. Now 7, Roquepine has won three Prix d'Amérique—her great-granddam, Uranie, a champion in the '20s, is the only other horse to take the classic three times. Levesque's mare is a fine quality bay with amazing muscular strength. She inherits her powerful gait from her sire, Atlas II, a "mounted" trotter. In France some Standardbreds are ridden, not driven, and often these horses make superior stallions. Roquepine is another of the Amazons that French breeding has produced. The finest French trotters have been females—Uranie, Gelinotte, Masina, Ozo. Mares have won 15 of the 30 Prix d'Amérique that have gone to French-bred horses. Significantly, all the foreign winners of this race (there are 13) were males.

At Roosevelt, Roquepine and Levesque will meet Sweden's Kentucky Fibber, Italy's Ecumene, Germany's Semmerl, Austria's Epsom and America's Carlisle. She may not be in top form this trip, but she will still probably be good enough to have her owner up on a tabletop again. After all, she is the most famous trotter in the world, and she has only got to beat a few undistinguished foreigners and one American goat.

END

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Wobbly way to The Great One's great day

In adversity, Gary Beban's acquired nickname was becoming a misnomer. To compound matters, his passes in practice fluttered like dying ducks. But at Atlanta he was the All-America of UCLA days and then some

For The Great One, as he is modestly referred to on the shores of the Pacific, events were not exactly shaping up to the name, not since UCLA lost the national championship by a point to USC last November. There followed losing efforts in the East-West and Hula Bowl games and the embarrassment of the pro football draft. Gary Beban, all-encompassing for three outrageously wonderful college years, was drafted 30th. Worse, the Los Angeles Rams didn't even want him when they discovered that Beban liked money almost as much as they did. They traded him to Washington. Beban was fast gaining a reputation as a leser.

"It's just a lot better when you win," he said Friday before the Coaches All-America Game in Atlanta. "Even though losing an all-star game isn't that earth-shaking, it hurts your pride. The draft—and what followed—well, they weren't pleasant experiences either."

The Coaches Game itself, he realized, could become a trap. For one thing, quarterbacking the East squad was Greg Landry, and if you have never heard of him, join the army. To almost everybody, outside of the pro scouts and the people he played against in the Yankee Conference, Landry of the University of Massachusetts was an all-nothing. But a glance at his statistics makes you wonder why. During his college playing days, he averaged over 1,000 yards a year passing and 500 rushing. Tall, dark and long-armed, he began to excite rave reports from almost all the pro scouts. "Outstanding prospect," one wrote. "Good size [6' 3", 200 pounds], will get bigger, fine leader and computer, strong arm, shouldn't run so much but a solid pocket passer." The Detroit Lions drafted Landry in the first round and signed him to a three-year, no-cut contract worth \$200,000. The Montreal Alouettes had offered him even more. Why, if he was that good, had he sequestered himself at Massachusetts?

"I'd narrowed it down to Michigan State, Pitt and Massachusetts," Landry said. "At the time I didn't know I could play pro football, so I figured I'd stay close to home in New England. If I got known well enough, that might help me get a better job."

Massachusetts is not that small a school (13,375 students), and recently it has been building itself into something of a regional football powerhouse. Coach Vic Fusi, so fool, erected a prototype attack around Landry, and now Landry must be considered one of the more polished prospects to reach the pros in the last few years. "The thing I liked about him," said Fusi, "was his consistency on second and long, third and short and third and long yardage. You know, he got the first down 76% of the time in those situations."

If Landry wasn't going to be competition enough for Beban, then surely Larry Csonka, the 235-pound line blaster from Syracuse, who was appreciated fully last season, would be. Csonka is only the latest in a line of remarkable runners to come from Syracuse. In 14 years Jimmy Brown, Ernie Davis, Jim Nance, Floyd Little and Csonka piled up 11,720 yards on the ground, and Csonka led them all. He will fit right in with the pros when he has learned his plays at Miami. "He's deceiving," said one scout in Atlanta. "He doesn't look like he has much finesse, but few tacklers get a clean shot at him. Besides sheer power, he's got some tricky moves."

Gary Beban made some tricky moves himself on the way to Atlanta. He finished final exams at UCLA on June 13, was married June 14, took a brief honeymoon and signed with the Redskins in the same week and then rode into Atlanta on the wave of publicity that always accompanies the Heisman Trophy winner. But he had something to say about all that. "I really think the Heisman is getting to be a career award more than a yearly thing," he said. "I'm grate-

ful for the award, but I don't think anyone could have had a bigger year than O.J. [Simpson of USC] did last year."

But if Beban wowed 'em with his graciousness—as he always does—he stunned Atlanta sportswriters with his gracelessness in practice. The first pass he threw wobbled like a Wiffle Ball in a fraternity pick-up game. Beban threw again. More wobbles. Once more—same thing. By the end of the week it was headlines that Heisman Winner Beban hadn't thrown two spirals. "Look," he said, "they all count the same. I threw a lot of wobblers for touchdowns at UCLA and they all counted six points."

And so they did last weekend in Atlanta. Looking very much like his old, smashing self, Beban brought the West from behind to win the game 34-20. He threw 20 passes, completed 15 of them for 223 yards and two touchdowns, proving he hadn't lost the old college touch. He made the West attack an exciting thing to watch. It had to be that good, and so did Beban. For the longest while it looked as though the East offensive—Landry and Csonka, Csonka and Landry

would be too much for the West. They put on an extraordinary show, with Csonka being voted the game's Most Valuable Player. It was, in fact, a waste of a game. The only thing lacking was a crowd. On a pleasant evening in supposedly football-happy Atlanta, only 21,000 showed up, leaving an ominous 37,000 pale-blue seats embarrassingly exposed to the players.

Four minutes into the game Jimmy Smith, a speedy defensive back from Oregon, took a punt and sailed 77 yards for a touchdown. But Landry came back to move the East 54 yards in 13 plays to tie the score, completing three straight passes for 31 yards along the way. Minutes later Smith—flushed with his first return—tried to grab another punt on the run and fumbled on his 11, setting up an East score that made it 14-7.

The East had dominated the first quar-



LARRY CSONKA, VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER MINUTES BEFORE BEBAN THREW GAME-WINNING PASS, PLUNGES FOR TOUCHDOWN

ter and five minutes of the second period, running, in that time, 32 plays to the West's three. But then Beban stepped in and swept his team 69 yards to score, completing seven of 10 passes—all spirals. The extra point was blocked, and at the half the East led 14-13.

Beban came back directly in the second half with a 29-yard strike to Tulsa's Rick Eber to put the West in front 20-14. Landry answered this in the fourth quarter with Csonka and six straight completions. Csonka got his second touchdown on a one-yard plunge.

Six minutes remained in the game, just time to collect the MVP ballots in the press box. Csonka got all the votes but two, and at the time he deserved them. But then Beban was passing again. Another spiral, 40 yards to Phil Odle of Brigham Young. Then Beban went back, eluded a stern rush, and offered a 44-yard wobbler to Arizona State's Ken Dyer at the goal. Dyer, who had spent the week practicing at defensive halfback, outfooted a pair of defenders for the ball and the West had won.

"I'd planned it that way," Beban said. "If it hadn't been a wobbly pass Kenny couldn't have caught up with it."

Few players with the skill of a Gary Beban have been accepted by the pros—and their fans—with as much skepticism. Mincy still insists that Beban is too small (6'1", 195) to make it in the NFL. Dee Andros of Oregon State, coach of the West, is in violent disagreement. "I don't

care what they say," he said about Beban. "He proved he was one of the best quarterbacks in the history of college football. He's a winner. He's a great athlete. If he doesn't make it as a quarterback I guarantee he'll make it at halfback throwing the pass-run option. That's still the best play in football. Beban's as good an athlete as Paul Hornung or Tom Matte, if not a better one."

Beban doesn't seem to doubt his ability as a quarterback, college or pro. While finishing up at UCLA, in fact, he wrote to several of the teams he thought might draft him, advising against any such precipitous action. His reasons were good enough—young, smart incumbents were on hand, the location wasn't exactly California, where he preferred to play, the coaching philosophy differed from his own. However, on the day of the pro draft, Beban had begun to wonder if he had done the right thing.

"I turned the TV on," he said, "figuring news of the draft would be coming in soon. But it didn't, and I fell asleep. Late in the afternoon my girl [Kathy Hanson, Beban's wife now] came over, woke me up and told me I hadn't been drafted yet. That didn't sound too good, so I turned on the radio and just then they were announcing that the Rams had taken me."

"I admit the pitch my agent, Arthur Morse, and I made to the Rams was pretty aggressive. They sure didn't seem impressed. In fact, they acted as if they

couldn't have cared less. A month went by. I started sweating it out, but Mr. Morse told me not to worry and to sit tight. Then, on May 1, the Rams made the Plum deal [Detroit sent Quarterback Milt Plum, Running Back Tommy Watkins and Flanker Pat Studstill to Los Angeles for Bill Munson, a promising 26-year-old quarterback who had warmed the bench for the Rams and played out his option]. The handwriting was on the wall. The Rams weren't about to carry three quarterbacks, and I'm just tickled that the deal was made with a team like Washington."

With the Redskins, says Beban, he wants to become a sponge for the next six months. It is a good idea. Otto Graham, a former All-Pro quarterback, is coach of the team. Sonny Jurgensen, one of the best quarterbacks in the business but aging fast at 33, works for Graham, as does Jim Ninowski, capable but a veteran too. The three should even be able to take a little of the wobble out of Beban's passes.

"Hey, Gary," yelled a West teammate after the Atlanta game. "Why you talkin' to those sportswriters? They only watch spirals."

"Yeah, Beeb," said another. "You sure looked horrible in practice tonight."

So The Great One shook hands all around and stepped outside to meet Kathy. Next was the All-Star Game in Chicago—but Gary Beban's mind was on Washington.

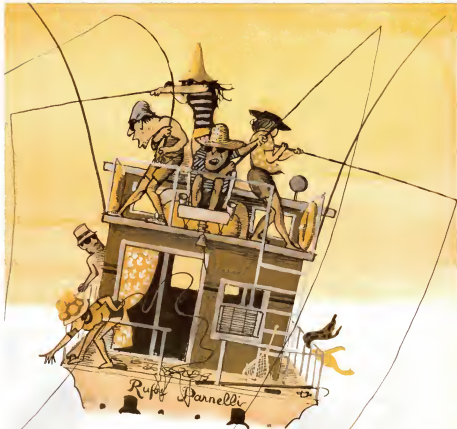
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The Strange Voyage of Rufus P. Houseboat

*on which a party of suburban freebooters sacked the southern Bahamas, steering bravely
among deadly bonefish, brainy shoals and ice-cold martinis*

by Bob Ottum



CONTINUED

This is the full, untouched, inside story of Rufus the Houseboat—and the movie rights are for sale. It answers at least three age-old questions: a) Can a simple, fat, unsophisticated houseboat make it in high sea society? b) Can one find true love and happiness with a semi-flat bottom? c) Really?

The cruise began one morning not too long ago when six of us backed *Rufus* smartly out of a slip in Miami and took one last fond glance at the look of pure anguish on Al Wagner's face. We swung the 40-foot monster around and aimed it at those garish pink apartment houses studding Biscayne Bay. "All right now," we chorused. "Which way are those Bahamas?"

Little did we know—as they used to say in *Flying Aces* and *Amazing Stories*—little did we know that we were headed off on a trip full of high adventure, low comedy, perils and exploration out there on those lonely isles where no man has ever set foot. Well, not many men. Well, at least not us. And little did we know that we were participating in a campaign that historians will one day call the Liberation of the Houseboat.

Oh, I know. You used to see houseboats tied up alongside shanty piers in places like Lake Pokegama, Minn., and they always seemed to have somebody's wash hanging out on the line. But now, all at once, houseboats are different. *Different*, a whole new thing, a new incarnation, a bold generation turned loose. All at once houseboats can cross mighty oceans, ford deep rivers, swim channels, do the samba in high sea, wriggle across sandbars and poke inquisitively into hidden coves where keelboats can never hope to go. And we—the six of us—helped make it so.

Our cruise began—well, the planning for it began—more than a year ago, not long after I was assigned to cover the first Bahamas 500 ocean race. Two houseboats—real, 40-foot, high-powered houseboats, the first of this new breed—had entered the event. To get the story I had crossed the Gulf Stream aboard one of them, the one which placed first in class (the other one did not finish, but we shall not discuss that here).

Not long after the 500 I was rattling home on the Long Island Rail Road with a friend of mine named Roy, an editor.

"You know," he said, looking dreamily out at the brackish backwaters of the Sound, "you know, now that they have proved they can race these houseboats, maybe the thing to do is to find out if they can be adapted to offshore cruising. I mean to exploration and things. Something never done before. A new role. Even deep-sea fishing. Adventure. Say out there in . . ."

It was cold outside. "The Bahamas," I said.

"The southern Bahamas," Roy said. "They're warmer. You see, you could do a story on it. That is, if you made it back. . . ." He looked out the window again and waited for me to rise to the bait.

Now Roy is not only an editor but a boater and a fisherman. You get him around boats and he automatically goes into this sort of neat, seafaring squint. He has spent a lot of time on large boats and he has a small one of his own in Port Washington, and whenever he sees a flock of birds dipping down over the waters of Manhasset Bay he will mutter, "Bluefish!" and jump into his boat and take off after them. Roy also used to be a Marine Corps pilot, which I hold in awe, because people who fly planes can usually find things. Like where they are going.

"Look," I said, "I've got it! We could do it. If you came along we could make it, see? You know how to navigate. We could get charts and things. Compasses. You know, all that stuff. And you could chart . . . uh, courses, see, and we'd know where we were. Which would be a great help."

Roy agreed it would be a help.

We have a mutual friend, Art, who is also an editor—silver-haired, suave, handsome, well-groomed and low-key. All of which is a front. Beneath it all he is a savage, unrelenting angler, a stalker of the wily bonefish and dolphin and mahi, a man whose piercing glance can penetrate the seas. In short, a man able to guarantee that we would eat on the trip.

"I'll ask Art if he can go along," I said.

"Just mention fish," suggested Roy. And that was how, almost a year later, Art and I stood on a pier in Miami ready to board this houseboat. Already aboard were about 1,000 yards of nylon line, two anchors, several cartons of food, one jar of marlin olives, two copies of *Yachtman's Guide to the Bahamas*, four sacks of charcoal, stacks of charts, an inflatable life raft, suntan lotion, one billy club, sunburn cream, five floating flashlights (we lost our heads), a first-aid kit, plastic dishes, a complete set of matched pickles, cigarettes, citronella candles, lucky fishing shirts, sneakers, two ice chests, one sea anchor, bug bombs, a flare pistol, about 84 pairs of dark glasses, gin, Scotch, Chianti, beer, money, one bottle of very dry vermouth and three wives. They were: Charlyne (Roy's), Peggy (Art's) and Joyce (mine).

"Now, then. We'll need a little fishing gear," Art said. "I know a place."

And he marched into this serve-yourself, one-stop fishermen's headquarters, where the clerks all fell silent and respectful at the sight of him. They formed a line and marched behind him, pulling things off shelves as he directed. He came back to the boat with a solid-gold telescope-handled fishnet, a long gaff with a savage hook big enough to seize a water buffalo and the biggest tackle box I had ever seen.

"Look at this," he said as he opened the lid and pulled it back. Three glowing white shelves rose silently up out of the interior, an explosion of hooks and line and leader wire, sinkers, plugs, jigs, fluffy little yellow-and-red things, things made of chromium and platinum and precious jewels of the Orient—and with hooks hidden inside them. Things with jade-striped bodies and tiny glass eyes; lures, little fake hand-painted minnows with "Eat Me" on their tails.

"I spent \$250," Art said happily. "But then I'm not quite through. We've got to get some rigged bait, some ice chests and some shrimp and. . . ."

"Just a minute," I said.

I went ashore and called Roy, who was then still in New York City tend-

ing to magazine business. They called him out of a meeting. "Art has just bought a few pieces of tackle," I said.

"I understand," he said. "I'll bring some more money when I come down."

The boat was beautiful. Big, fat, built like the chairman of the Ladies' Literary Guild, and beautiful. She was 40 feet of gleaming fiber glass, 12 feet wide, with a vee-hull in front that gradually blended back into a flat bottom. With outriggers down she drew three feet. With her props tilted you could run her across a wet lawn.

There was a little porch up front and just behind it a wheelhouse where cushioned benches converted to sleep two. Three steps down from that there was a center compartment complete with dinette set to seat four and a convertible lounge. Behind that a mingalloy, with stove, sink, refrigerator. Then there was a tiny head, with shower and hand-pump toilet.

Toward the stern was the living room, with comfortable couches flanking either side. There were two steps up to a sliding glass door that led out to the back patio—a five-foot area that wall hereinafter be referred to as the engine hatches. It was a high-speed home, all done in tasteful earth tones and burnt oranges—with a whole rooftop suitable for anything short of Democratic conventions.

In setting up the trip I had got in touch with Bob Rodman and Dick Genth, Chairman of the Board and President of Thunderbird Products Corp., the

outfit that makes Drift-R-Cruz houseboats in addition to the cathedral-hull Thunderbirds and vee-hull Formulas—a progressive company that was the first to prove that houseboats can, indeed, go ocean racing.

Rodman and Genth agreed it was about time to expand the role of the houseboat, to prove that it was adaptable to cruising and to exploring. That it could, yessir, fit in out there among the sport-fishermen and motor yachts. And as the project took shape the ideas got a little wilder.

"We'll put a fighting chair on it," Roy said. "I mean a real one, just like on the sport-fishermen. And . . ."

"And outriggers!" said Art, his eyes glittering behind his glasses.

"Big tackle. You know: 80-pound stuff. . ."

"Oh, man, we'll catch so many fish out there you wouldn't believe it. We'll eat fish every meal. And . . ."

"And we'll name it the *Rufus Parnelli Houseboat*," I said.

They fell silent and looked at me.

"The what?" said Art.

"The . . . uh, the *Rufus Parnelli Houseboat*," I said. "Golly, fellas, what a great idea, right? How about that, you guys? You know, we'll name it the *Rufus*. . ."

"I heard you," said Roy.

" . . . Parnelli, see, after the greatest Indy racing driver of all time, Rufus Parnelli Jones, who happens to be a friend of mine and . . ."

"Great. Jones will just love that," said Roy. "Real class tribute, having a houseboat named after you."

"Well, it's my story," I said.

By the time word got out that a band of maniacs was going to Further Liberate the Houseboat, several people had got caught up in the fever of the thing. The Tycoon Fin-Nor tackle company supplied two big 80-pound rigs, the better to catch monster fish. Sportsmen's Industries installed a \$900 fighting chair right out of the *American Psychiatric Journal*. It was gigantic, fat, covered in white unborn Naugahyde with thick, padded armrests, and it glistened with bursts of chrome. There was a swing-out holder at one arm to put a tall, cold glass of something in while fishing and an enormous, wide footrest. There was a handle to make it swing around or lock in place. Art and I climbed up the ladder to the roof and stood looking at it in wonder.

I sat down in it, tentatively. It gave a soft whoosh and I sank into it.

"Nice, huh?" said Art.

I leaned back farther and braced my feet against the footrest. "I'm so glad you're finally here, Doctor," I said. "I've got this wisdom tooth back here that hurts, and I think there are some cavities here, too, that need filling." There were two big containers on either side, down low. "And I love the little bitty sinks," I said.

"They're for the big rigs," Art said patiently. "Rod holders. The rods go in these, see, and you sit there with all the gear hooked up to the outriggers and you're trolling out in the ocean and you sit there and watch that bait skipping along . . ." His voice grew tense. . . and all of a sudden you see this big billfish swoop up out of the depths and SLAM! It hits the bait and the line starts to go out, see, and it makes this wonderful, high zinging sound and you grab the rod and. . ."

"Art," I said, "put me down, you're hurting me."

Thunderbird also had provided another toy: a nine-foot Glasshopper—a dinghy made of glass, the better to see the bottom with while tooling through

continued



those stark, clear waters. It was mounted upside down on the roof, lashed down to chocks, so it could double as a bench.

To make the whole thing go, Kiekhaefer Corp. had installed two of its new 250-hp Mercruiser stern drives—enough power to make the *Rufus* stand up and sing *Swanee*. It sounded like a lot of power, but according to Al Wagner, a lean, intense gentleman who is Kiekhaefer's man in Miami, it was just right. Wagner and crew had put the engines in and then conducted a quick class there on the engine hatches. The Mercruisers were shining black monsters, all hunched over down in the engine compartments, driving counterrotating props that looked like they might fly a B-29. Al had brought along a couple of boxes of extra propellers. "You'll be all right," he said, not sounding convinced. "But everybody who goes down there bungs up a prop. Coral heads and rocks and things."

We all looked at each other and nodded. Then Wagner hung a 10-horse outboard on a stern bracket to propel the dinghy.

The morning we poked the *Rufus* out through Baker's Haulover it was sparkling bright, and the wind that had been howling across Miami for several days had disappeared. Even Al resigned his Merce to their fate. "I guess it's never going to get any better than this," he said. "You might as well go."

So we sailed at 8:55 a.m., full of gas and breakfast, and pointed *Rufus* on a heading of 110°. We were off for Cat Cay.

Roy stood at the helm, jutted out his chin, and purposefully flicked down the Polaroid snap-ons that clipped over his regular glasses. The rest of us got on to those dreary, workaday chores known to all blue-water sailors: Art and I opened cold cans of beer from the refrigerator, Joyce got out the bango-uke and we all sang a few choruses of *Won't You Come Home, Bill Houseboat*. And the adventure was under way.

We had all agreed on a Grand Circle Tour of the Southern Bahama Out Islands, avowing—until we were heading homeward, anyway—that gaudy Steel

Pier of the Atlantic Nassau. We were aiming first for Cat Cay; to chock in with British customs and add gas, then out across the Great Bahama Banks for Chub Cay, our first overnight stop. Then we planned to push the *Rufus* several times back and forth across that capricious region known as Tongue of the Ocean, where the Atlantic runs deep in among the islands. We would hit the Joulter Cays and old Andros Town at Fresh Creek, then aim off on a long, lonely run across the Tongue and Great Bahama Bank to the northernmost tip of the Exumas. The best-traveled route lay around to the north of New Providence Island and Nassau, but we had agreed that the best way to test the houseboat and our own navigation would be on a dash directly across, with nobody in sight for miles.

After cruising down the Exumas in what we hoped would be leisurely fashion, we would cross Exuma Sound to explore Eleuthera and from there curl back toward home. It was a two-week trip that would cover some 800 miles before we saw Dick Genth and Al Wagner again.

The Gulf Stream was mild, and *Rufus* sailed along, roaring happily in bright sunshine and water that turned from pale green to blue-black. Roy had it throttled at normal cruise—3,200 to 3,600 rpm—which kicked the big thing along at about 20 knots. We passed a couple of glossy cruisers that were chugging along at a well, an old-fashioned houseboat pace.

We learned our first lesson fast. The side of a houseboat is a lot like the side of your Aunt Clarissa's ham, and any sort of wind pushing against the flat surfaces will cause the boat to go step-step-slide. We pulled into Cat Cay in a hot, gentle crosswind. The harbor was all tawny sand and lush green waters. There were old docks, all blown rickety by a storm, leaning there in the sun. We whooshed up to them, but the wind caught the side of the boat and *Rufus* went WHOMP! We clipped one stanchion, then another, rattling that old dock until we had succeeded in moving the entire island about 4° off its base. Roy

was backing and pulling on the engines and yelling at all of us: "Put a line around there! No, hold it! Damn it, back off on that line. Here. Hold her bow in, for Pete's sake, hold her bow in!" We finally lashed it down with about 36 lines so it couldn't possibly get away, and all got off, somewhat shaken. I regained my dignity at Customs and Immigration.

"Houseboat, hmmm?" said J. L. Saunders, Her Majesty's agent. "We don't get many of them in here. What is she, a pleasure boat?"

I squared my shoulders. "She is a pleasure-boat-slash-sport-fisherman-slash-houseboat," I said.

He looked out the window at it, doubtfully. "Who is the captain?"

"I am, naturally," Saunders looked up over his glasses at me. Then he shrugged and continued filling out the form. I listed Roy as the mate, Art as the cook and the girls as the crew. Then, my entry papers stamped, I strolled with a studied rolling gait back down to the dock, where they were all standing around the gas pump.

"O.K., my hearties," I said. "You may strike the quarantine flag, and let's get my boat out of here. And you might tell the bo'sun to pipe up a tot of rum for all hands."

More sure of our seamanship now, we wheeled away unscathed and charged off across Elbow Bank. Now everybody took a turn at the helm as we headed out across that sparkling, azure water, flying fish skittering along in front of us, sending off little sparkles of spray like diamonds in the sun. It is a long run, through a world of intense light, unfiltered by smog, with a clear circle of horizon all around. By now we were down to our dress uniforms; I was wearing a pair of faded chino shorts and my St. Christopher medal, and the others were all pulling off clothes as we neared Chub Cay.

"There's the Northwest Channel Light," said Art, turning from the wheel. Roy looked up from his charts.

"Naturally," he said. But we all looked proudly at each other as if we had just chartered our way to the New World.

continued

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Rufus *continued*

By 5 p.m. we were tied up at the Crown Colony Club. It has concrete, houseboat-proof docks—which is a shame, since we swept in smartly like old salts and eased it up gently, while on shore people cheered wildly and threw their hats into the air. As a reward there were fine, biting martinis-on-the-rocks for all hands. Then, with dinner the girls produced two bottles of champagne that they had chilled, along with the rigged balao and mullet, in the bait box. We toasted the Bahamas and went to bed.

The Great Attack on the Fish began next morning. Art stepped out from behind his privacy curtain wearing his blue-and-white-striped Cap'n Billy Budd shirt, which is extremely salty; a hideously battered straw planter's hat tied under his chin with a piece of string, shorts, messy sneakers, dark glasses and lips thickly pomaded with zinc oxide.

"Art, I just don't know how you do it," I said. "You're so smooth; you always manage to look as though you had just stepped out of a train crash."

"All right, now," Roy said. "We're going to troll in the Tongue of the Ocean, just off the reefs on the way down to Andros Island, where the ocean suddenly plunges from two to 900 fathoms. That's where the big fish lie waiting." We set out the baits and I took the helm. Which was a mistake.

There were four lines out behind the *Rufus*: two big rigs trailing balao and mullet from the outriggers; two 30-pound outfits trailing feathers from the rod holders. We also had a "teaser." This is a plumed device all done in yellow-and-white streamers, which drags along behind the boat and does a dance that would get it thrown out of town in Kansas City. It is calculated to rouse the passions in fish the instant they see it.

The Tongue was reasonably quiet, with a slight roll and chop, washed all bright in Bahamian sunlight. The girls did the breakfast dishes and stationed themselves all over the rooftop, dripping puddles of suntan lotion and telling each other, brightly, how they were going to cook all the fish we were about to catch for dinner.

Then, suddenly: "We got one!" Roy

yelled. One of the smaller rigs was bending crazily, its line running out. What happened next was a bit confusing.

"Bring in all the other lines," Roy shouted, heaving back on the 30-pound unit, and everyone began scrambling across the roof in all directions like a *riot* practice. There was yelling "Damn it, bring in those other lines or we'll get all tangled. Bring in the teaser. Bob! Cut the engines, Bob. Now to starboard. To STARBOARD, dammit. No, no. Straighten it out. There. Now come back on the throttles. Somebody got a camera? You, get out of the way. Don't anybody fall overboard!" And then "There he is. Look!"

Suddenly we all fell silent, frozen, as the fish slashed up out of the water, its body arched high in the sunlight. It thrashed violently and threw off a spray of jeweled water.

"Wow!" everybody breathed, and began scrambling around again. Art seized the gaff, tugged the champagne cork off the top of it and stood poised, looking like the striped menace. I finally got around to cutting the throttles back, and Roy brought the fish around between the outdrives. It was a huge dolphin, looking teal blue and iridescent green in that deep blue water. It looked to me like it might weigh 25,000 pounds easy.

Art hit it a strong whap with the gaff, planted his feet and tensed the muscles along his back all the way down to his ankles. Then he gave a mighty heave and *threw the dolphin up on the engine hatches.*

This was tricky stuff, since here was a large, wet fish flopping madly in the midst of about 36 people crowded atop the hatches, running aimlessly, snapping pictures, yelling, sliding. And thus we learned Houseboat Lesson No. 2.

In the confusion, trying to find room in which to work, Roy and Art turned away from the dolphin for a split second. The fish noticed this (he did not get so big by being dumb). He gave one last, insolent flip, shook loose from the gaff—and did a half gainer back into the water. He took one of the small fishing rods with him and disappeared, cursing foully.

continued



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Everyone stood fixed into position like a tableau of sculpted tragedy, finally, gradually, coming back to life with little sad, jerky movements. Nobody spoke; we avoided one another's eyes.

"There goes dinner," one of the girls murmured.

"Well," said Roy, squaring his shoulders, "now we know what not to do. Come on, cheer up, everybody. We've got to get more organized and calm down. And don't worry about dinner. There are so many fish out there you wouldn't believe it. Now, then. Back to the attack."

Next time we were ready.

Charlyne was stationed in the chair, in her flowered Bonwit Teller fishing shorts, watching the baits, when the next

dolphin grabbed one and ran roughly in the direction of Barcelona. But this time we were a management study in time and motion. I cut back the throttles to neutral; everybody brought the lines in smartly to give Charlyne room. Art pulled the cork off the gaff again and stood by, scowling fiercely.

And Charlyne brought the thing alongside.

Art gaffed it, then looked briefly up at Roy, standing on the roof. "Now what?" he said.

"Throw the sonofabitch into the living room!" Roy roared.

Joyce slid open the glass back door and Art heaved the fish with one smooth flow of motion into the living room, plopping between the two couches. Snarling,

he grabbed the billy club and leaped in after it, and Joyce slid the door shut behind him. We all looked through the window as Art fell upon the fish, kneeing it in the groin and hitting it with the club. It was a big dolphin, about half Art's size, and the fight could have gone either way in the early rounds. But Art finally straightened up, looked out at us and nodded solemnly.

We all dined handsomely that night on dolphin—beautifully fried—with a festive red-checked tablecloth and gay citronella candles flickering, plus a good bottle of crisp white wine, which the girls also had hidden in the bait box.

Afterward there was black coffee and brandy and good cigars, topped off by the full, rich taste of Scotch on the rocks. Finally we took our drinks and moved up to the Starlight Roof, The Top of the Rufus, to sing the old songs.

We were anchored in a tidal stream alongside the southernmost cay in the Joulsters, alone in the Bahamas, and the sound of six-part harmony drifted out over those empty silver beaches washed in moonlight. It had been a day of tragedy and high triumph, and we all finally climbed down the ladder to our beds, feeling like it must be early morning. Actually it was 10.30 p.m.

As I drifted off to sleep I could hear all around me the soft sounds of the semitropics: the gentle water lapping against the hull, the hot, soft wind rippling the curtains, the lyric, trailing night songs of the birds onshore and, from behind his curtain, Art lying in bed singing happily. "Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the moonlight. . . ."

A few hours later I could hear the padding of bare feet all around the boat, and I half sat up, expecting we were being boarded by Yangtze River pirates. Art stuck his head around the curtain, said, "Ssst!" with those dead-white lips, and then: "You wanna go bonefishing?"

"I don't need any bones," I said.

"Bonefish," he hissed. "C'mon."

I put on my fishing costume—my pajama tops—and the three of us tiptoed into the glass dinghy, quietly sliding away across the flats in the eerie light. The

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARC SIMON



water was like polished velvet, all ominously still, with huge, shadowy swimming things lurking in it. I could see them through the bottom of the boat. It was like the River Styx, and when Roy killed the outboard engine we drifted ahead silently, darkly. We were suddenly alone in a vast sea that was only about a foot and a half deep. It unnerved me.

"Do you think we ought to muffle the cars?" I said, trying to keep the tremble out of my voice.

"Shhh!" Roy said. "You'll speak 'em."

At first I thought they were kidding. But, no. I promise you, in bonefishing the trick is to get out of the warm security of your dinghy and walk across those flats, casting off ahead to where the silvery bonefish feed on the incoming tide. Art and Roy plunged right away, half crouched as though the bonefish were going to hear their squishy footfalls. I got out and staggered near the dinghy, wading uncertainly and looking down into the water. Then, to my right, a mauve shark came swimming up and frowned sideways at me.

"Roy!" I said, shattering the stillness. "Roy, for Christakes, there is a shark here looking at me." I kept watching the shark with my suddenly widening peripheral vision.

"Shhh!" Roy hissed, impatient. "Is he big enough to eat you?"

"I don't know. Just a minute, I'll check." I looked closely at the shark, trying to get a mental picture of myself inside him. "No, I don't think so," I said.

"Well, jeez, then," Roy said, "all he can do is nibble you to death. Come on."

I do not like bonefishing. I do not like it at all, thank you just the same. I mean, dedication is one thing, shark nibbles are another. But that afternoon those two fishing maniacs got up another expedition, and it got even worse for Charlyne and Peggy.

They were lurching across the flats, wading far away from the comfort of the dinghy, when another shark swam up to snuff at Charlyne's ankles.

continued

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Rufus

"Roy!" she screeched, jabbing at it with her rod. "A shark."

Roy waded over. "Another little one," he said disgustedly. He jabbed the shark in the nose with the tip of his fishing rod and the shark swam away. Peggy, in the meantime, was having trouble with a different species. "What's that?" she yelped and began to climb Art like a fire escape.

Art investigated. "It's just a little ray," he said. "A little bitty ray. Never hurt you. Now come on down off my head and let me fish in peace."

They finally caught a couple of bonefish but let them go, proving, I guess, whatever it is that bonefishermen are trying to prove.

Through the sunlit days that followed, the *Rufus* cruised on, down to old Andros Town, where we spent a night ashore at the posh Lighthouse Club, then bravely back out across the Tongue of the Ocean again, finally swinging over to the Exumas.

They were golden days of lazing in the sun, swimming, fishing, eating, exploring in the dinghy, lying on the roof of the *Rufus* and thinking of nothing at all. At Highburn Cay we snorkeled off a beautiful little beach that produced a collector's horde of seashells. We fished the reefs offshore, feeding the crafty grouper from our dwindling supply of frozen shrimp. Grouper, as everyone knows, will take your bait and then step under a rock with it, eat the bait and saw off the line and send it back for a refill. Nobody ever catches grouper. We discovered, looking down through the dinghy, that instead of grouper, several tiny brightly colored fish were gathered around. They worked on our bait committee-style. Two or three of them would hold the line while another one delicately ate the shrimp, neatly avoiding the hook, fastidiously wiping his mouth now and then with the back of his fin.

At Norman Cay we sailed through sudden clear water the color of bright lime Jell-o, looking down at giant coral heads beneath us, like exposed brains there several fathoms down. By now, eight days out of Florida, the crew of the *Rufus* had all become, mysteriously,

sailors. Roy, Art and I were all gray-bearded and burned the color of discarded cowboy saddles; the girls came in shades of tawny pink. Everyone could now handle the boat. In the Exumas we nosed *Rufus* into shallows, through unexplored coves and brilliant, clear-green hideaways—whole other boats were relegated to the outside. Now, confidently, we swarmed over the houseboat, standing on the roof to search the water ahead, shouting directions to the helmsman, all sudden experts at finding channels through reefs by reading the changing colors of the bottom.

And it was then, poking far down the island chain, wandering in through the reefs in the slanting sunlight, looking for landmarks, that we found The Place.

Now, do not spread this around. But the World's Last Outpost of Pure Peace is Compass Cay in the Exumas. It sits quietly, battered by oldtime storms, its docks all wind-scrubbed to pale gray and leaning crazily at all angles. Its harbor needs dredging—deep-draft boats beware—and the approach, skirting right along the shore through a rocky alley, is tricky. It lies beautifully deserted except for Mrs. Hester Crawford, who runs the place alone with three sad-eyed, well-mannered dogs.

Compass Cay is a tropical paradise surrounded by water that comes up in a marvelous, wet crazy quilt of green and delicately tinted blues; there is a hump of coral rocks and tangled undergrowth and a path leading up to an abandoned club. Along the way there are a couple of dead jeeps, rusted into place as guardians. And across the island, on the ocean side, lies mile upon mile of scrubbed white beach, sand like talcum powder in the sun.

Overcome by the place, we tied the *Rufus* to the battered docks—no, we tied the docks to the *Rufus*, actually—and went ashore. We fed handfuls of shrimp to the dogs and decided to call them Patty, Maxine and LaVerne. Except that LaVerne later turned out to be Harry. No matter. We swam and luxuriated. I was even ready to go bonefishing again, and we pointed the dinghy up a nar-

row, twisting creek full of conch, starfish, sea urchins. And there they were.

We had stumbled, by accident, on the secret Atlantic Ocean Bonefish Parade and Assembly Grounds; they were suddenly all around us, dark flashes cutting through the shallow water, with an occasional silver tail knife a wake along the edge as they dipped to feed.

"Wow," Roy breathed, unleashing his tackle, "so this is where they all live." Yet each time we cast anywhere near them the fish would jump, spooked, and skitter off into the mangroves on each side of us. Finally I stood up and looked through the tangle. There, on the other side, I could see a still, open pond.

"They all snuck over there," I said.

Art spotted a small opening, a leafy aisle through the trees. "Through here," he hissed, and determinedly flicked down his Polaroids. We nosed the dinghy into the opening and went in a few feet.

In seconds the mangrove jungle closed in, thickly, greenly, and the snarled, twisted roots of the trees laced themselves around the boat. Art looked back at us, slit-eyed. "We'll have to pull it through," he whispered.

"Why are we whispering?" I said.

"Shhh!" they explained. And Art carefully put down his rod and climbed out of the dinghy.

First thing, he stepped into an oozy, Cro-Magnon hole and began to stagger. Sideways, arms flailing helplessly, he staggered, lurching from hole to hole, splashing, reaching out to grasp at the tree roots to keep himself up. Roy and I looked at him—in that faded striped shirt, that floppy straw hat and whiskers, with that wild look in his eyes.

"Escape from Devil's Island," Roy muttered.

Art stopped and looked back at us. "Hurry, you guys," he said. "I can hear those bloodhounds now."

So I climbed out and began tugging at the dinghy, bounding through the water while Roy sat in the boat like Katharine Hepburn, shuddering delicately and urging me on. "C'mon, Bogey," he hissed. "Pull it through, man!"

And, sure enough, the bonefish were in the pond waiting for us. Thousands

of them—Parading, pirouetting, dancing the boogaloo. And just as we were about to catch them, every single one of them, there was a great splashing and churning of water behind us. The bonefish flashed away in panic, and the three of us looked up. "Hippopotami!" said Art, his eyes opening in wonder.

Roy threw his favorite spinning rod and reel and eight-pound-test line and pink wiggle jig into the sunset. "No," he said. "Look."

And there were Patty, Maxine and Harry, belly-deep in the water, tails wagging wetly, barking hello in three-part harmony. They did a few choruses of "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me" and a few splashy dance steps, until there weren't any fish

left anywhere on that side of the world.

We cruised on down to Staniel Cay, backing *Rafra's* cumbersome 40 feet into a narrow berth against a crosswind as if we had been doing it all our lives so seasoned by sun, by salt and adventure that we no longer paid any attention to the reactions of the fancy people on the towering sloops and gleaming cabin cruisers. At the bar that night we were in a den of yachsmen. They were all clean and crisp, and their women were in Balenciaga summer frocks. The men wore turtle-necks, tailored shorts with wide leather belts and real, solid-brass buckles. Everyone wore sandals, and occasionally in the candlelight there was the flash of jeweled rings and fingernail polish on the women.

continued



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Rufus *continued*

We were in our *Rufus* uniforms: shorts, all wrinkled; saltwater-washed shirts, sneakers stained with barracuda blood. At the bar one of the men leaned over and explained to the others: "Those are the houseboat people." We loved it. Imagine. *Houseboat* people. It has a ring to it.

You have seen sailboats towing their dinghies, of course. Well, we towed ours just like real island hoppers—until one day it gurgled and almost went under. So we lashed it back on the roof, holding it down with rubber shock cord. And that night, while Joyce was plunking out tunes on the hango-uke, I began absently plucking on the shock cords. The dinghy gave off majestic, *thunking* sounds like a bass fiddle. I played it the rest of the trip—the new sensation of the tropics, the world's only gut dinghy player.

We churned on, across Exuma Sound to Eleuthera Island. Ah, magic Eleuthera—its sounds like part of the intestinal tract; in fact, it looked a little like that on the map. We refueled at Davis Harbor and trolled again off Bamboo Point—"That's where the big ones *really* are," Art promised—and Roy promptly hooked a huge something.

"It doesn't feel right," said Roy as the line whistled off the reel. "It's not a marlin." But Art got out the gaff and leaned over the side. Slowly the line came in, bringing with it a monstrous shark, obviously madder than hell about the whole thing.

"So how do you cook shark?" said Joyce. I had a mental picture of Art fighting this one like Johnny Weissmuller. But he leaned over and cut the line.

We spent the night at anchor in Governors Harbor, which reminded us of a small Mediterranean port, and next morning roared north to Current Cut, sliding through that often-treachorous channel on a favorable tide. We dropped in on Spanish Wells, where we did our laundry ashore and bicycled through town, nodding solemnly to the solemn people. We slid around the northern tip of Eleuthera, past Devil's Backbone to Harbour Island, where tourism is the main occupation and there isn't a sol-

emn face to be found. And finally we turned back west, toward Nassau.

All cruising yachtsmen hit Nassau, you don't hit Nassau and you're out of the club. But we were houseboaters—Out Island houseboaters. We pulled into Hurricane Hole, cooked pork chops on the dock and did not even bother to do the town.

Next day I caught the last—and the smallest—dolphin. Roy gaffed it and tossed it into the living room, where Art gave it a few half-hearted whaps with the hilly. The voyage of the *Rufus* was coming to an end.

On the morning of our last day, as we prepared to leave Bimini, the weather turned. A snappy wind met us as we sleepily poked our heads outside, and over the radio we could hear the Miami marine operator saying scratchily that the seas would be from three to five feet—which the *Rufus* could handle—but that the wind was going to change from south to northeast by midafternoon. We knew that northerlies can be bad news in the Gulf Stream. We looked at each other and nodded soberly.

"We had better run for Miami now," said Roy, "or we're liable to be holed up here for a week."

Lashed down, buttoned up, the windows locked shut against the sea, we nosed the *Rufus* out through the Bimini Channel. Ahead of us the sea tossed irritably, waiting. It was suddenly punctuated with deep hollows, troughs, cross-chops. The houseboat began to wobble steeply from side to side. About 15 minutes out we took a few big seas over the forward hatch. Staggering into a huddle, we took a vote.

I searched around all through my stomach until I finally found my voice hiding down there: "I think we oughta go back," I said. "It's going to get worse out in the middle of the Gulf Stream."

"It'll get better out there," Art promised. "I think we ought to go on."

I couldn't get up enough delegates to win the election, so we lurched on, jouncing. And Art was right, of course; it got better in the middle of the Stream. Once, along the way, a Navy plane flew by on routing patrol, then did an aerial

double take, switched back and flew low over us again, taking a closer look at the houseboat joggling all alone out there. Eventually, Miami, its hotel fronts poking up over the horizon, came up right on schedule. We swept under the Baker Haulover bridge at flank speed, welcomed ourselves home with two blasts on the horn and slid snarling into our berth. Experts. Veterans. Voyagers.

Al Wagner, his brow still plowed with furrows of worry, came around and looked at his beloved Mercruisers.

"All right?" he asked.

"Fine," we said. Beautiful. Same props and everything."

Thunderbird's Genth came down to the deck and looked at the boat. "All right?" he said. "Fine," we said. "Very same hull we started out with and all."

Genth looked at the boat some more and then at us. "Well," he sighed, "you people have proved something, I hope."

"Yeah," we said, blushing prettily.

And that established, our role in history at last secure, we went back to New York City, back to the aluminum-and-glass canyons. And last night I was rattling home on the Long Island Rail Road with Roy, sitting there in our tasteful three-button sack suits, button-down collars, rep-stripe ties, clean fingernails and executive-length socks.

Roy looked dreamily out the window at the brackish waters of the Sound.

"You know," he mused, "now that it has been proved that a houseboat can do all these things, see . . ."

I tensed. "Now what?" I said.

" . . . maybe he ought to do a story on how these three New York families isolate themselves from civilization, see, and spend a summer . . . maybe living on homelish like Robinson Crusoe, on Compass Cay."

I loosened my tie and unbuttoned my collar. My feet suddenly felt imprisoned inside my shoes. Compass Cay. White-sand beaches. Those azure waters. Warm breezes and hot sun. The mangroves and bonefish parade grounds. Moon-washed nights and the heady smell of tropic flowers. Patty. Maxine and Harry.

"I'll call Art first thing in the morning," I said.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Through the first three weeks of June, the Astros' record (17 losses in 23 games) was enough to make the healthiest fan sick. But last week Houston (5-2) came up with such a refreshing turnaround that two local convalescing heart-transplant patients were even allowed to see their team play. Jim Wyre (476) and four pitchers who combined to throw five complete-game victories provided the main injection as the Astros almost climbed out of the cellar. Another team on the rise, PITTSBURGH (5-1) jumped from eighth to a tie for fifth on the hitting of Matty Alou (below) and Mikey Willis, who ran up a 24-game hitting streak, plus Bob Moose's second two-hit shutout in his last three starts. ATLANTA (3-3) moved back up to second behind an encouraging performance by recently acquired Milt Pappas, who pitched his first complete game of 1988. Gary Nolan, who had struck out eight of his last 14 times at bat, did double duty for CINCINNATI (4-2), throwing a shutout against the Giants and winning the game with a three-run homer, his first ever. Another surprise home-run hitter was SAN FRANCISCO's (2-4) Bobby Bonds, who tagged a grand slammer in his first game in the big leagues, a feat which had not been accomplished since 1898. Except when Don Drysdale pitched another masterful two-hitter, LOS ANGELES (4-2) won in a most uncharacteristic way, blasting Giants' and Braves' pitchers for 36 hits and 13 runs over 19 innings. ST. LOUIS (2-4) endured its first losing week in a month, but the big talk for the Cardinals, who were safely 6½ games ahead, was Bob Gibson's fifth consecutive shutout, running his scoreless-innings streak to 48 new york (3-4), behind Cleon Jones's hitting (364) and Tom Seaver's shutout pitching,

astonished the rest of the league by moving briefly into the first division. The Mets dream faded quickly, though, when the pitchers allowed 17 runs in the next four games and dropped the team back to seventh. Returning from a disastrous 2-11 road trip in which its big three of Billy Williams, Ron Santo and Ernie Banks averaged just 141, CHICAGO (2-4) turned around to win two of three from the Cards while scoring 21 runs on 31 hits. PHILADELPHIA'S (1-5) hitters averaged just 190, and its pitchers allowed 26 runs as the Phillies dropped below 500 for the first time since Bob Skinner took over as manager.

Standings: StL 46-30, Atl 39-36, SF 40-37, LA 40-38, Cal 37-37, Pitt 36-38, NY 36-38, Phil 32-36, Cin 33-41, Hou 32-43

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Lou Gehrig required 17 years and 493 home runs to set the record for grand slams (23). Now MONTGOMERY'S (4-1) Jim Northrup, after only 3½ years and 39 homers, is almost one-third the way to tying the Iron Man's mark. Including three he hit last week, Northrup has seven. While his 313 BA and 14 RBIs led the Tigers back to a 7½-game lead, Northrup received more help from his teammates than just getting on base. The batters scored over six runs a game, and Denny McLain won twice to bring his season's record to 14-2. After the Angels' Bill Rigney called them "garbage collectors and carpetbaggers," he insulted A's promptly shut out his team on Chuck Dobson's three-hitter. To avoid further retribution, Rigney quickly said he was just kidding. The Angels' manager is not the only one who has come to realize that jokes about OAKLAND (4-3) are strictly passé. The A's, with the league's best hitting, are now in the first di-

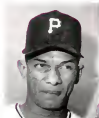
vision and rate as baseball's surprise team of the year. MINNESOTA (3-2), with 10 wins in its last 14 games, continued its surge with help from the weatherman. Twice the Twins gained shutout victories when their games were rained out just after the fifth-inning deadline. Hard hitting by Frank Robinson (350) and a five-hit shutout by recently recalled Wally Bunker led BALTIMORE (4-2) briefly to second, but then usually reliable Brooks Robinson lost one game for the Orioles with an error, and they dropped to third. CLEVELAND (4-3) had problems in the field, too, allowing eight unearned runs that helped drop the Indians 7½ games out of first. While the pitchers failed to come up with a complete game, CALIFORNIA (4-3) still managed to take three one-run wins on decisive clutch hits by Rick Reichardt, Bubba Morton and Jim Fregos. Desperate WASHINGTON (2-4) sent 1987 All-Star Catcher Paul Casanova to the minors and recalled Jim French, who immediately helped the Senators to two victories while batting .333. With ASTORIA (1-5) bogged down in seventh place, six games closer to the cellar than first, the Red Sox fans have even begun to boo slumping favorite Carl Yastrzemski, who averaged 100 for the week. Mickey Mante (444) and Roy White handed NEW YORK (2-3) its only wins with late-inning, two-run extra base hits. After the White Sox were rained out twice, a CHICAGO (1-3) fan grumbled, "The whole season should have been cancelled on account of rain." As the Sox slipped 15 games out of first place last week, there were plenty of fans to agree with him. Attendance was down 173,867.

Standings: Balt 40-37, Cin 40-36, Buff 35-44, Minn 34-38, Oak 30-38, Cal 37-37, Hou 36-38, NY 33-39, Cle 31-40, Wash 27-44

HIGHLIGHT

As the smallest of three baseball-playing brothers, the Patates' Matty Alou is somewhat accustomed to being ignored. For years, playing in the shadow of Felipe, and with Jesus coming along behind him, he was known as "that other Alou." Now he is becoming baseball's equivalent to politics' favorite son—the most popular man at home, but bypassed by the out-of-townies. Despite leading the National League in batting, Alou again is being overlooked in the All-Star voting in favor of more established National League outfielders. "What else can I do?" he wonders aloud. "I've been hitting good. I've been playing good defense, have no crises." The players, who vote on their All-Star representatives, did have an excuse until recently. Alou was not even a full-time starter before Pittsburgh Manager

Larry Shepard decided he could not keep a hitter of his skills on the bench. His average Sunday was .355 and the Pirates had risen from last place in mid-June to a tie for fifth, and it was ex-Pirate Skipper Harry Walker who transformed Alou from a .231 hitter at San Francisco into one of baseball's most consistent hitters. Shortly after Alou joined the Pirates in 1966, Walker told him, "Don't pull everything. Start hitting down on the ball and go to left field." Alou followed his advice to win the league batting crown with .342 in 1966 and finished third with .338 last year. He is still not the defensive player he thinks he is, which is why the Giants traded him, but the 5' 9", 155-pounder has already driven home 22 runs, six below his all-time seasonal best. In the era of the nonhitter, the only big-league player with a .343 average over the last three seasons will miss his third straight All-Star Game.



MATTY ALOU: NO MORE PLATONISTS



Jim Ryun runs the mile fast enough to win a gold medal at the Olympics. If he doesn't run out of breath.

It would be too bad if he did. Because Jim Ryun runs the mile faster than anyone else in the world. 3:51.1. And that's probably fast enough to win a gold medal at the Olympic Games this October.

Except that this year the Olympic Games are being held in Mexico City. Which is a whole new ball park.

Mexico City is a mile-and-a-half above sea level. The air is so thin that there is a lot less oxygen. So even a brisk walk around the block can leave you panting. In fact, before becoming acclimated, some-

times just walking across a hotel room can leave you winded. So just imagine how tough it will be to run a mile.

To give every athlete a chance to become acclimated to the high altitude and lack of oxygen, the International Olympic Committee is allowing all teams to train at high altitudes for six weeks instead of the normal four weeks. So more money is needed to give Jim Ryun and the rest of our team the time they need to get ready.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ARNIE'S ALLIES

Sirs

To me and, I am sure, to tens of thousands of others, the most dramatic and moving part of the closing of the U.S. Open was not the smile of the winner, Lee Trevino, or his engaging welcome to his new role as the hero in this rags-to-riches story. It was not the champion himself or the dream of the golden throne he would perhaps soon enjoy that riveted attention. It was the courage, the smile and the unbending spirit of the man whom ABC so shamefully made a spectacle of in his walk down the road of defeat. Arnold Palmer. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* also contributed to this show of a lack of integrity and loss of judgment in sportsmanship in the article *Lee's Fear Cheer "Super Men" to Viewers* (June 24)—beginning with the phrase, "since Arnold Palmer, whoever that is, came along," and continuing with a series of smears throughout the article.

Thanks in a large measure to television and the credibility gap in the news media in general, the character and integrity of my country and yours has descended to its lowest point in my lifetime. And I hate to see a magazine bearing the title that yours does speed the fall.

I am not one of Arnie's Army. I do not play golf. But I do admire that rare man who, in outstanding fashion, is accepted by youth as an example of those qualities of character that now seem to have been condemned to obsolescence. You do yourselves and your country no service by lampooning Arnold Palmer's image.

JOHN R. CASPARI II
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Sirs

I resent Dan Jenkins' remark, "Arnold Palmer, whoever that is." Palmer has afforded sportswriters much colorful and interesting copy for many, many years, and it is really not in the tradition to kick a man and insult him when he is down temporarily.

Why was he placed in the last grouping at the Open? Palmer was a sportsman and a gentleman to accept such an insult.

FRAN HIGGINS
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Sirs

I can identify Arnold Palmer for Dan Jenkins (whoever that is). Mr. Palmer is the golfer chiefly responsible for Lee Trevino's \$30,000 paycheck in the U.S. Open. I do not credit Arnold for Lee's victory, but I do credit him for the amount of money won. Arnold is the golfer who caught the imagination of every sports-minded person and

every money-minded promoter. Without Palmer, Casper, Boros and a very few others, Lee Trevino's victory in the U.S. Open (if the sourcery still existed) would be fated in obscurity and would be worth a fat \$1,000.

Long live the king!

ROBERT E. GIBNEY
Mobile, Ala.

COMMAND INDECISION

Sirs

As an ex-Marine who rose to the distinguished rank of corporal, I derive little grief from the difficulties that three-star generals occasionally get into. I do feel, however, that a lot of people are having a great deal of fun castigating General Eckert (*SCORCARIO* and 19th HOLE, June 24) for reasons that are not wholly sound. It is all well and good to say that Judge Lands would have handled the "week-end of mourning" situation differently, but this is 1968, and it is becoming increasingly clear that the owners do not want a Judge Lands, but a man from the Chandler-Frick-Eckert mold who will be a figurehead and will not interfere with their wishes.

I can't prove this, but I would bet that General Eckert would like to be a strong commissioner, but the baseball owners won't allow him to be one. A man does not attain his position in the armed services without appreciable leadership capability. Therefore, Eckert now finds himself in a job which pays something like \$65,000 a year plus expenses, with nothing to do except go to a few ball games and keep his mouth shut. Frankly, this is a situation that I could live with. If the people who have been crucifying him could put themselves in Commissioner Eckert's position, I think that they would do the same thing—nothing. If there are rocks to be thrown, I say throw them at the men who rate them the owners.

GREGORY Z. THOMASIAN
Boston

PRESS CLIPPINGS

Sirs

Imagine the Boston writers being petty enough to resent Ted Williams' saying they smelled badly (*Hitung Was Ma Lala*, June 10, *et seq.*) I have long thought Boston had the country's most capable group of sportswriters and that Mel Webb was among the most respected.

As a person, Williams was an overgrown child and, like all children, he was capable of great charm and generosity but also of great boorishness and selfishness. He failed badly to give the Sox the leadership he could have given them. A good day at bat for Ted was a good day, even if the team lost,

and vice versa. Boston won only one pennant during his long career.

As a hitter, Williams was certainly a great one. But he never ranked at the top among the clutch hitters in the league, perhaps because a pitch an inch off would be taken for a walk rather than swung at for the hit that was sorely needed.

ELI SCHLESIER
Boston

Sirs

I think your articles on Ted Williams are extremely interesting, well written and, most important, factual. Having been a Red Sox fan for many years and having had access to the Boston newspapers during this time, I can honestly say that Ted Williams has had more half truths and deliberately distorted stories written about him than any other man in sports history.

To give you an idea of what he was up against, one of his many Boston writer-critics recently referred to the Celtics as the Smelches because they lost an important playoff game. Is it any wonder that Ted had troubles with this type of reporting?

F. F. HARRIGAN
Somerville, Mass.

Sirs

It's about time someone finally defended Ted Williams, even if it did have to be Ted Williams himself. Never have I heard of a group of people, like those Boston sportswriters, persecuting a man with so few reasons. I don't blame Williams for wanting to be alone and for not associating with the press when everything he said was quoted out of context and distorted to the point that he looked like a castoff from a Hell's Angels camp.

I believe we need more men like Ted Williams who are not afraid of saying what's on their minds and who, at the same time, never argue with an umpire, a fellow player or management. Could you really ask for a better record?

THOMAS F. ARWELL
Ruston, La.

VENGEANCE! BUT SLOWLY

Sirs

Jack Olsen's screamingly funny story on driving to the Mexican Olympics (*Vengeance*, *Grassroots* June 17) offered your readers far more scorch than fun. Screaming through any farm community at 75 mph, in Mexico or the U.S., is certainly to be deplored, and I'm glad he takes the Mexican Highway Patrol to task for not being more alert to his dangerous driving.

No, speed killers are not wanted. But for the average driver who looks for a varied

drive through a country that starts at the border as an arid desert, then drops down to lush, tropical sea level and proceeds to climb a luxuriantly forested mountain, the drive from the U.S. border to Mexico City is a treat that more than 800,000 motorists enjoyed with car and camera last year. I hope your readers will forgive some show of pride in the fact that the safety records for Mexico show its traffic death rate to be only one-fifth the rate of the U.S.

One statement in the article is neither funny nor true! No cars will be turned back at the border. There are no restrictions on the number of cars entering Mexico, and none will be imposed. Mr. Olsen may have misunderstood the communique we did issue that all visitors to Mexico City during the period of the Olympics must secure a ticket to an Olympic event for each room reservation, and a room for each day they request a ticket. But this regulation is in the interest of improving on past Olympic experience when hordes of sports enthusiasts arrived at the Games with tickets to everything and no place to spend the night, while some hardy souls had the best rooms to stay at but could not get a seat in any of the competitions.

We certainly appreciate the tone of the article, which makes it clear that—in his words—the ugly American will receive the same courtesy he has expected everywhere else in the world. But we would not impose on him the penalty Mr. Olsen suggests—namely, “to spend the rest of their lives ordering dinner in Spanish in Decatur, Ill.”

It seems only fair to make it clear to all your readers who are planning to drive to Mexico this year that Mr. Olsen's adventures, however laughable, have been very special indeed.

RICHARD BEN AKMAN
Foreign Press Service, Olympics
Organizing Committee of Mexico
New York City

MAJOR CONTRIBUTION

Sirs:

Cincinnati reader Stee Graff (1988) Hills, June 17) states that Pete Rose's old high school, Western Hills, has sent eight players to the majors, “as many major league ballplayers as have been produced at any high school in the country.”

I beg to differ. A quick check discloses that Beaumont High School in St. Louis has sent a total of 10 players to the majors during the past 25 years. Namely, Lee Thomas, Bob Miller, Roy Stevens, Bobby Hoffman, Bob Wiedler, Lloyd Merritt, Jack Maguire, Buddy Blattner, Jim Gooden and Chuck Diering.

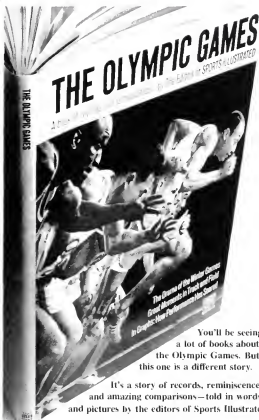
I don't think Western Hills, or McClymonds High in Oakland, can match this record.

GEORGE WARREN

continued

St. Louis, Mo.

71



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10TH HOLE

RULES OF THUMB Sirs

Mark Mulvoy's rude and senseless comments regarding the decision made by Umpire Harry Wendelstedt on the batter hit by a Don Drysdale pitch (*The Giants Hit It Tough*, June 10) were the most obviously biased that I have ever read. The rule which requires that a hit batter must have made an attempt to avoid being hit in order to be awarded first base is just one of the many rules a knowledgeable baseball follower remembers.

The umpire is paid to make decisions according to a set of rules, whether or not everyone remembers them. I would expect that the umpire should remember the rules of the game even if players, managers and sports reporters do not.

Mr. Wendelstedt should be commended for making the correct decision in a rather tense situation, and Mr. Mulvoy should be ashamed of his unfair criticism of that decision.

SIDNEY ADDelman

Buffalo

Sirs

Officials at most sporting events go out of their way to protect the big names in sports. I have seen pro basketball games in which a big-name player such as Jerry West or Elgin Baylor would almost have to commit murder to have their sixth or last personal foul called on them. I have seen mediocre pro golfers ask for a free drop and be refused in situations where a Nicklaus or a Palmer would have been given relief. In fact, one year at the Masters I was one player (whom I will not name) ask for a free drop. He was refused and, when the official walked away, the player remarked to the gallery, "I guess it depends on who you are as to whether or not you get a fair ruling."

The latest incident is Don Drysdale's record-breaking shutout at San Francisco. With the bases loaded in the ninth inning, Drysdale hit Dick Dietz with a pitch. Umpire Harry Wendelstedt said Dietz made no attempt to get out of the way of the pitch and simply called it a ball. If Willie Mays had been at bat I wonder if the umpire would have made the same call. A few weeks ago Joe Torre was hit in the head with a pitch he said he never saw. Since he didn't see it, he made no attempt to get out of the way. If Umpire Wendelstedt had been behind the plate, Joe Torre would probably have been asked to complete his turn at bat before going to the hospital for X rays.

A pitcher as great as Drysdale doesn't need help to pitch a shutout. Let's quit giving the big names the breaks. They don't need them.

JACK LEBROWITZ

Augusta, Ga.

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Friendly as laughter.
The whisky that's bold
enough to be lighter
than them all.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HULAN WINE & SPIRITS CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a man wearing a light-colored cowboy hat. He is looking down, lighting a cigarette with a lighter. The scene is dimly lit, with the primary light source being the flame of the lighter and the cigarette. The man's face is partially in shadow, emphasizing his features and the texture of his hat and clothing.

Famous Marlboro Red!
And new extra-long
Marlboro 100's—
The Longhorns!
Either way,
you get a lot to like.



Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.